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The Shape of Things

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PREMIER HEPBURN OF ONTARIO HAS TANGLED with a whole series of windmills since we last went to press. He fired two of his Cabinet ministers when they refused to stand firm in defense of General Motors of Canada; he quarreled with the Ottawa government when the Minister of Justice refused to send additional troops to Oshawa; and he rebuked Ian Mackenzie, Dominion Minister of National Defense, when that official denied that he had promised Mr. Hepburn the full support of the federal government in the strike situation. He prepared to fight another windmill when he swore in 200 special police in the name of a Communist "menace." His refusal to deal with a "foreign" representative of the U. A. W. reached a ridiculous climax when he broke up a conference with local union representatives because they conferred by telephone with Homer Martin. At the moment the Premier, with the eager support of Canadian employers (including J. S. Bache of New York!), is crusading for laws to license international unions and keep out the C. I. O. The Oshawa strikers, however, are standing firm for recognition of the U. A. W.

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MEANWHILE THE TALK OF A SYMPATHETIC strike in the United States has wisely been scotched by Homer Martin, though the U. A. W. has assured the Oshawa strikers of financial support. The sources of this talk and the persistence with which it was being promoted aroused suspicion that it was not entirely union made. The Federated Press pointed out, for instance, that Mayor Hall of Oshawa is not the friend of labor he pretends to be—he is a member of the Conservative Party and maneuvering for political position. His "ultimatum" of April 14, in which he said that unless Homer Martin called the strike in all General Motors plants in the United States by the following Monday he, the Mayor, would call a mass-meeting of strikers and advise them to drop their demand for recognition, looked like a strike-breaking move, and his hysterical and unsuccessful attempt to sell a settlement to the strikers that did not include union recognition confirmed the suspicion. Certainly a strike in the United States at this juncture would do the union more harm both here and in Canada than Mr. Hepburn's blustering. It is a tribute to the responsibility of the C. I. O. and the U. A. W. that the leaders of both have kept their heads in the face of intense provocation.

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES HAS PASSED, in 1937, a law to end the lynching of Negroes by making peace officers responsible for the safe conduct of their prisoners into a duly constituted court of justice. The law also permits an injured person to institute suit against the guilty peace officer for personal damages. The safeguards provided are of the most elementary sort; yet the storm of sectional debate that preceded its passage was a civil war in miniature. The solid South, with the honorable exception of Maury Maverick, fought as one man against the invasion of the "states' rights" to "take care" of their colored citizens in their own way. "The color line in the South is a permanent institution," said Cox of Georgia, who charged that the measure would "mongrelize the white race." "When you talk about equality for niggers in theaters and restaurants," shouted Ford of Mississippi, "every man with a wife and daughter will arm himself to the teeth . . ." More enlightened members insisted that the South was working out its problem and pointed to the decrease in murder by mobs. The bill was passed on April 15 by a vote of 277 to 119—and the final argument was a particularly brutal lynching of two Negroes at Duck Hill, Mississippi, two days before. It now goes to the Senate. The passage of the Gavagan bill is a hopeful event. But the very simplicity of its provisions and the passions it roused throw a lurid light on the long road the Negro must yet travel before he reaches genuine social and economic emancipation in the republic that set him "free" three-quarters of a century ago.

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OPPOSITION TO BLUM'S NON-INTERVENTION policies flared up at the meeting of the National Council of the Socialist Party of France last week-end and threatened to disrupt the party. It has been evident for many months that Blum's policy toward Spain is highly unpopular with the rank and file of the party membership, particularly in working-class districts. The same groups have shown increasing impatience with the government's slow progress in carrying out its social program. The issues at stake are those which are bound to arise in any effort at collaboration between revolutionary and reformist parties. Although Blum has shown great skill in handling domestic policies, the average worker finds himself little better off than a year ago. The gains won by the sitdown strikes of last June have largely been offset by the increased cost of living resulting from the devaluation of the franc. Yet the Radical Socialists have made it clear that they will not support any further concessions to labor at this time. Only in his suppression of the armed fascist bands has Blum received full support from the Popular Front parties. Since he is unable to offer tangible concessions in domestic policy, Blum's best chance of saving his government and the unity of his party would seem to be action in the international field. A vigilant policy to compel the fascist powers to conform to the non-intervention pact would go far toward restoring France's prestige and at the same time save the French democracy from internal corrosion.

THE CHECKING OF THE REBEL DRIVE ON Bilbao and Italy's sudden capitulation on the non-intervention agreement have aroused hope that the end of the Spanish conflict is not so far off as appeared a few months ago. For the first time since the outbreak of the war the government is carrying out a series of offensives on widely scattered fronts. At Madrid a large rebel detachment has been isolated in the University City sector; the offensive which was launched late last week against the rebel salient at Teruel appears to be completely successful; and further progress has been made in the vicinity of Cordoba. Perhaps the most hopeful sign that all is not going well with the rebel cause has been the appearance of seemingly inspired reports of a possible armistice. It is significant that no such rumors arose as long as the rebels seemed to have a chance of winning. The duration of the conflict would now seem to depend on the faithfulness with which the non-intervention pact is carried through. Unfortunately, great loopholes exist in the arrangements for enforcement. No measures have been taken to prevent direct transportation into Spain by air; many of the British observers on the Portuguese border are men whose sympathies are, to say the least, dubious; and the Valencia government is justifiably skeptical of the part German and Italian warships will play. A few more victories for the Loyalists, however, should discourage still further any ambitions Mussolini may have in the Iberian Peninsula.

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GOTTINGEN UNIVERSITY WILL BE THE SCENE this summer, as Heidelberg was last year, of a grotesque spectacle in which the misshapen *Kultur* of the Third Reich will appear disguised in the flowing gown of the higher learning in honor of the university's two-hundredth anniversary. Seven American universities have already consented to be accessories to this fraud; eleven others will send representatives if possible. Harvard, Yale, and Princeton are still considering invitations. Meanwhile official apologists are doing their best to make it easier for the world's universities to condone the intellectual pogrom that has been in operation now for four years, but their statistics contradict them. The Göttingen rectorate "asserts categorically" that no member of the university's faculty has been dismissed or forced to resign because of his political opinions; yet by some strange coincidence forty-five out of ninety full professors have left since 1932—a record which almost matches that of Heidelberg; thirteen of the forty-five were Jewish professors cut down by the "racial ruling"—which of course had nothing to do with politics! It is further stated that these "non-politicals" are receiving pensions *unless exchange laws interfere*. We are glad to see that Cambridge University, at least, has maintained its academic and moral standing by curtly refusing to be a party to the Göttingen farce; eleven American colleges have also refused. Perhaps they will join us in the commemoration on the appointed day of another incident in the history of Göttingen which occurred just a hundred years ago. In 1837 seven professors were expelled from

Göttingen for protesting against the revocation of the liberal constitution of 1833. These events, says the Encyclopedia Britannica, "reduced the prosperity of the university." History repeats itself.

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THE NAMING OF PAI CHUNG-HSI AS CHINA'S new War Minister seems to indicate a final victory for the Chinese "popular-front" groups in conflict with the pro-Japanese elements in the Nanking government. Less than a year ago Pai Chung-hsi, one of the leaders of the old left wing of the Kuomintang, came out in open armed revolt against Chiang Kai-shek because of the latter's weakness in the face of Japanese aggression. While the struggle apparently ended in a stalemate, Pai and his associate, Li Tsung-jen, emerged with heightened prestige as the men best fitted to lead the growing anti-Japanese movement. On the proposed new Supreme War Council Pai will have the support of Marshal Feng Yuxiang to balance the pro-Japanese sympathies of the retiring War Minister, General Ho Ying-ching, another member of the council. Chiang Kai-shek, as commander-in-chief of the army, will be chairman, but the bitterness with which the pro-Japanese clique has fought Chiang since his release from Sian precludes the possibility that he will side with General Ho. Meanwhile in Japan the repudiation of the Hayashi government by the Kokumin Domei, one of the few political groups which had supported it, foreshadows a decisive victory for the civilian parties in the coming election which may lead to an even more moderate policy toward China. Barring some wholly unexpected development, the prospects for peace in the East are greater than at any time since 1931.

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THE ISSUES BEHIND THE DISMISSAL FROM Harvard of the two economics instructors, J. Raymond Walsh and Alan R. Sweezy, are profound, and the agitation shows no signs of subsiding. On the contrary, criticism of the university is developing in new quarters every day. We have an idea that the authorities, who from the start have shown signs of a protesting conscience, must feel increasingly uneasy behind their smooth barricade of technical justification. The Teachers' Union has issued a long statement reviewing the case, pointing out the irresponsible and disingenuous acts of the administration, and asking President Conant for a retraction and an apology. The union has also adopted unanimously a proposal made by Professor Henry Hart of the Law School calling for an investigation of the whole affair by a group of senior professors. The proposal carries the signatures of almost a hundred faculty members outside the union. It carries no hint of coercion but rather promises a serious analysis of the problems of administration and the educational policy underlying an apparent unimportant incident. President Conant would demonstrate genuine statesmanship if he were to pull down the barricades, admit the gravity of the issues involved, and encourage the formation of this special professorial grand jury.

MAYOR LAGUARDIA'S ATTACK ON THE BILL passed by the New York Assembly to end the third degree may have endeared him to the police; it was a blow to those who feel that confessions forced by torture do not serve the ends of justice. The crucial provision in the bill is that a prisoner shall be taken before a magistrate immediately, and if this is not possible, that he shall be held for the next court session not by the police department but by some other detention agency. The purpose is not to deprive the police of the opportunity to question a prisoner between the time of his arrest and his arraignment—when the third degree is brought into play—but to make that questioning subject to the safeguards consonant with the principle that a man is to be held innocent until he is proved guilty. Other provisions require that records be kept of the beginning and end of all questioning periods and that questionings take place in the presence of a duly authorized official of the agency of detention. The bill has been strongly opposed by police departments on the ground that the third degree does not exist. The Wickersham report alone disposes of that contention, and there is no other valid argument against it; it has been indorsed by the New York City Bar Association as well as by the American Civil Liberties Union and many welfare agencies. Mayor LaGuardia's outburst, along with the statewide opposition of police departments, will go far toward killing the bill in the Senate, but well-placed protests may yet save it.

Judges Are Human

HISTORY has a way of weeding out the essential from the familiar. When future historians try to sum up the results of the 1937 controversy over the Supreme Court, they will pass by the arguments and slogans that have been staled by repetition—the talk either of packing or of unpacking the court, the charges of dictatorship leveled against the President or the judges. And they will find the most lasting result in the mind of the ordinary citizen is his increasing awareness, as a result of the Great Debate of 1937, that judges are after all human.

In that sense, whether the vote in the Senate on the reorganization proposal goes for or against Mr. Roosevelt, he has already won. There was a vast area in which the American people were politically untaught—the area of the judicial power; just as there was a vast area—that of federal regulation and labor bargaining—in which they were economically untaught. It has been Mr. Roosevelt's historic fate to serve, more or less consciously, as the instrument for these tasks of national education. Under him the New Deal has accustomed us to regard federal action as a necessary part of the modern economy. Under him Lewis and the C. I. O. have accustomed us to accept the trade union as part of the industrial scheme of things. Under him the judges of the Supreme Court have accustomed us to regard them as interested in social policy and capable of changing their minds.

The Wagner decisions are historic because they gather up the threads of all three trends. They open the door to federal regulation within the commerce clause; they are a response to the immense strength of labor organization, and place legal sanction upon it for the future; and they complete our education on how the judicial power works. They have shown us that in America the real political sovereignty resides in the odd man on the Supreme Court—today in Justice Roberts. But they have shown us also that the odd man on the court cannot remain an isolated globule of individual desires and convictions but must respond finally to the desires and convictions of the people and the facts of the national life. For what we have thus learned we have had to sweat mightily, but a democracy can in the long run proceed only by education.

We have learned other things in the past few months, among them the fact that Mr. Roosevelt is not the strategist we thought he was. Like judges, Presidents also are human, and we needed this reminder that even the smartest President can err. Mr. Roosevelt's strength lies in dramatic surprise; but he underrates his capacity to carry through reforms more slowly by preparing the public mind for them. The area of the judicial power was ~~not~~ the right area in which to use the technique of surprise. The myths of judicial independence and judicial divinity were still too deeply imbedded in the American mind—even in the minds of Congressmen—to permit a prompt success to follow a swift move. Overnight swiftness was indispensable in the bank crisis of 1933: it was a blunder in the constitutional crisis of 1937. Only now, after months of discussion, is the country beginning to understand the inwardness of Mr. Roosevelt's desire for judicial reform. The President should have laid the ground first by speeches, public hearings, consultations with the key men.

The mistake was a tactical one, and should not prejudice us on the proposal itself, which has merits and defects of its own. But it was a mistake that seemed to lend credence to the charges that Mr. Roosevelt was seeking to grasp dictatorial power by "packing" the court. We have never had the slightest belief in these charges. But the argument, less crudely stated, that a whittling away of the judicial power may lead toward dictatorship is one that must be seriously faced.

The Wagner decisions themselves have sharpened the issue. The Labor Relations Act, from the standpoint of progressives, is the most important single piece of legislation of the whole New Deal. It had been so bitterly fought and sabotaged by big enterprise that it was almost a dead letter. Yet when five out of nine justices of the court placed their imprimatur upon it, big enterprise accepted it. Thus we have the Supreme Court acting as a stabilizing force in our national life—as a way of giving finality to the settlement of social conflict. On the other hand—so the argument would run—if you once create a precedent for packing the court, you undermine the belief in the judges and thus undermine the finality of any settlement. The result is to open the road through social conflict and reactionary repression to dictatorship.

The argument bears thinking through. But we do not

find it finally persuasive. It turns on the belief that any break in the formal fabric of legality leads to dictatorship. But what brought dictatorship in Germany was the paralysis of the Reichstag and the resulting disbelief in party action and pressure for government by decree. What is likely to lead to dictatorship in any capitalist democracy is a similar paralysis of parliamentary institutions, and their consequent inability to deal with the crises of a capitalism in decline.

It is in this basic belief that we have from the beginning wanted a constitutional amendment to break the deadlock in our democratic system. It is in this basic belief also that we support the President's proposal to get new blood into the court and make it more responsive to the popular will and to popular needs. We deplore the way in which the proposal was made. We regret that the President did not advance his plan as part of a larger program of constitutional change. We regret that he does not now see fit to support actively the movement for a constitutional amendment. We urge him to strike an agreement with the Congressional leaders which will, by adding several new justices, insure a liberal court majority and yet allow the opposition to feel that reasonable concessions have been made. Obviously it would be catastrophic for him to abandon the essence of his proposal: it would be construed immediately as a vindication of the judicial power and as proof that the American people want no tampering with court or Constitution, whatever the stakes. And if that happened, whatever chance we have at present to put through an amendment would be lost.

But the President can now afford to reach a compromise agreement, and move on to other governmental business. For the real victory has been won. The people have been educated to the idea that the judicial power is no more sacred in our governmental scheme than any other power. And they have learned from the decisions themselves that judges are human.

The Budget Deficit

OWING to an unexpected shrinkage in federal revenues, it now appears that the deficit for the present fiscal year will be more than \$3,000,000,000 instead of the \$2,652,000,000 predicted in the President's budget message of last January. While this is considerably better than the \$4,763,000,000 deficit incurred last year or the \$3,500,000,000 deficit of 1934-35, it is serious enough to cause concern. What is more serious is the fact that the estimates for the 1938 fiscal year are likely to be equally inaccurate. Although part of the shortage in revenues appears to be due to the postponement of income, social-security, and "windfall" tax payments, the larger part of the gap is to be accounted for by an over-optimistic estimate of the effects of recovery on federal revenues. It is not to be supposed that there has been an actual falling off in federal income. On the contrary, the total receipts by the federal govern-

ment from all sources during the first nine and a half months were more than \$700,000,000, or 22 per cent above those for the corresponding period of last year. Income taxes alone rose nearly \$500,000,000, or 50 per cent, in this period, though they were still some \$100,000,000 less than had been anticipated. But the expenditures of the regular government departments are running nearly \$600,000,000 higher than last year, and the outlay for emergency purposes is only \$350,000,000 less.

During the past six years *The Nation* has refused to join the cohorts who were prophesying an early doom for the American government because it was running a deficit of from two to five billion dollars a year. We have repeatedly pointed out that in proportion to its income and real wealth, the United States government was less burdened by debt than any other great power. The danger of financial collapse is certainly no worse today than it was seven years ago, when the federal debt had been reduced to \$16,000,000,000. Doubtless the government could go on for another six years piling up deficits without placing an intolerable burden on future generations. On the other hand, it should be evident that if the government is ever to put its finances on a sound basis it must do so during periods of transitory prosperity. If the budget cannot be balanced in 1937-38, there is good reason to doubt whether it can ever be balanced. The urgency is the greater because an unbalanced budget in a period of rapidly rising prices is the surest path to an uncontrolled inflation. Since taxes are always collected on the previous year's income, an inflation could only be headed off by a fundamental change in our tax structure.

While no one questions the desirability of balancing the budget and, if possible, reducing the national indebtedness at this time, there is the widest divergence of opinion regarding the method. Most newspapers and not a few Administration leaders in Congress are urging greater economies. The President has indicated that he will propose a cut of \$250,000,000 in expenditures as compared with his previous budget message. While the full details of his message have not yet been disclosed, it is reported that \$150,000,000 of this amount will be slashed from the appropriations for the regular governmental departments, and \$100,000,000 will be cut from the proposed outlay for relief. What departments will bear the brunt of the \$150,000,000 slash we do not know. But we strongly suspect that it will not be the departments that are guilty of the most flagrant waste. The greatest rise in expenditures, for example, has been in the field of "national defense," where the budget entry has risen from \$535,000,000 in 1933-34 to an estimated \$980,000,000 for the coming fiscal year. Presumably all of this vast increase could be eliminated without injury to the legitimate defenses of the United States; but this is not what is usually regarded as economy. "Economy," as defined by common usage, means the elimination of aid for the unemployed and the drought-scourged farmers. That there are almost as many families in need of aid today as in the depths of the depression is regarded as irrelevant. The relief figures are the one item

in the budget which is capable of compression without an outcry from highly organized and politically powerful minorities. If it cannot save here, the Administration will have to turn its attention to the unpopular task of raising taxes.

With a knowledge that some rise in taxes is almost inevitable, conservative elements have started their usual campaign for a reduction in the exemption from income taxes and an increase in the tax on the lower brackets. In justification of this proposal it is urged that everyone should be made conscious of the obligation of tax-paying. Were this reduction in the exemption accompanied by the repeal of all sales taxes and chain-store taxes, as proposed by the Twentieth Century Fund, the effect would be salutary. But the chances of such action are unfortunately very slight. The sales taxes have been imposed by city and state governments and would not be repealed in the event of a change in the exemption in the federal income levy. Nor is it necessary to descend to families with incomes of less than \$2,500 in order to find sufficient revenue to balance the budget. In 1929 no less than one-half of the national income went to the 13 per cent of the population receiving more than \$4,000 a year. Despite increases in recent years, income taxes paid by our millions of families enjoying over \$3,000 a year do not yet approach those levied on Britishers of the same income. It may ultimately be desirable to extend the principle of progressive taxation to the lower brackets, but let us first make sure that the well-to-do are bearing their full share of the nation's fiscal burden.

World View of Textiles

THE international textile conference in Washington was a considerable success for the very reason that its aims were modest. It was not called for the purpose of concluding international agreements to reduce the work week to forty hours or to level tariff barriers. The conference was rather a preliminary exchange of views on the various factors, economic and social, which affect the application of major labor reforms in the world textile industry.

Not until this summer will it be possible to judge the concrete results of the discussions. At that time the annual conference at Geneva of the International Labor Organization will consider the proposed draft convention on the forty-hour work week in the industry, and the ensuing decisions will determine how far, if at all, the preliminary exchange of views just ended has been effective in improving conditions of labor for the world's 14,000,000 textile workers.

Within the narrow limits of its terms of reference, the proceedings of the textile conference were impressive. Above the roar of oratory, the voice of reason made itself heard more often than might have been expected at a meeting in which national economic rivalries played so large a part. True, the conference came to no final agreement on its principal preoccupation, the forty-hour week; but the debates made it clear that the fight for this

reform has a better chance than most observers supposed of reaching a successful issue at Geneva in June. With the United States and France taking the lead, a surprisingly large bloc of delegates supported the measure. Even the Japanese hinted that they were ready to consider shortening the textile work week if it could be accomplished without wiping out entirely the present differential in working hours between Eastern and Western countries. Substantial support for the forty-hour week proposal came even from the side of the employers, particularly the French and the American. Of course, support of this kind is not altogether disinterested; there is no national group of mill-owners which would not welcome a heightening of its competitors' labor costs. But the solid wall of employer resistance is perceptibly crumbling.

Other significant results emerged. From a variety of sources came strong hints that the time was ripe to consider bartering lower trade barriers for a universal leveling up of labor standards. This argument was put positively and forcefully by the United States spokesmen. The French delegates urged that stiff tariff sanctions be applied specifically against the textile goods of countries with excessively low labor standards. The Japanese, against whom the American feint and the French thrust were obviously directed, expressed their readiness to consider higher wages and shorter hours in return for lower tariff rates. Unfortunately no position was taken by Great Britain; and India gave a negative response.

The conference issued resounding pronouncements in favor of collective bargaining and minimum-wage machinery. Even the owners of Southern mill villages joined the general chorus of approval for collective bargaining. Skeptics will remain unconvinced that the owners of textile plants in the Piedmont industrial crescent have undergone a true change of heart. But these are new and strange times; the Supreme Court has recognized that the economic system not only exists but also changes, and America's textile workers are being prepared by the C. I. O. to win the same victories as have been won by their fellows in steel and automobiles.

Equally important was the emphasis given to the abysmally low levels of textile consumption in all countries. The textile industry, like most others, has been rife with cure-all schemes for curtailing production. The occasions have been few when attention has been directed to the blunt fact that the laboring masses of the world are not only underfed but underclothed. To stage a full-dress repetition of this fundamental truth was alone worth the trouble and expense of the conference. It was also useful that the spokesmen for China had a chance to demonstrate to the world the iniquities of the extra-territorial system which permits foreign mills in the concessions to avoid factory-law regulation.

In sum, the textile conference was notable mainly for the attitudes it brought to light and the problems it posed. International gatherings of this kind can do little or nothing to transform attitudes into directed action. To persuade governments to adopt and enforce appropriate measures is a task for the organized workers, farmers, and consumers in all countries.

Al Smith, Red-Baiter

"LET us look," said Al Smith, "at the record." Time was when that familiar and provocative phrase was the prelude to a keen, colloquial dissection of the claims of the "interests" against the welfare of the "people." But the "people" have become more radical and a little bad-tempered; and Al Smith has moved to the top of the Empire State Building, eighty-six stories above the noisy street. Last week his famous phrase rang out again, at the Hippodrome in New York, but the house was only two-thirds full and the phrase introduced a summons to a red hunt and served to advertise the political ambitions of a Republican martinet from Queens, George U. Harvey. Al Smith spoke from a platform banked high with reaction. Matthew Woll, formerly of the Civic Federation, was there to represent the worst in American organized labor; Father Edward Lodge Curran, founder of the two red-baiting organizations which sponsored the meeting, spoke in secular accents of "giving it" to the Communists, and cited Spain as an example. Raoul Desvernines, representing the American Liberty League, sat at Al's side.

Among them the speakers at the Hippodrome spectacle whipped up the audience to a "wildly cheering" frenzy of intolerance, in the name of religion and liberty, that reached a climax in the ravings of Mr. Harvey, vest-pocket dictator of Queens, who wants to be Mayor of Greater New York.

The New York police [he said] are the finest body of men in the world, but the poorest directed body of men in the world. I'd like to have charge of them for about two weeks and I'd guarantee to you that there wouldn't be a single Communist left in New York. I wouldn't need any fancy orders. I'd just say, "Boys, get about three feet of rubber hose, and don't bring any of them back to the station house."

We hardly regret Mr. Harvey's exhibition. Our disapproval of public executions melts before the spectacle of a cheap politician hanging himself; and unless we are a poor judge of timing, Mr. Harvey has done just that. His red-baiting, falling, so to speak, between two depressions, should put him out of the running before the real fight starts.

But for old times' sake we wish Al Smith would stay in his steel mooring mast and lick his wounds in private. He is doomed to function publicly only as the tool of reaction. And since he has forfeited his popular appeal, his usefulness, even as a tool, will become more and more limited. Two years ago, at the bidding of the church, he was waging a mighty battle against nudism. At the bidding of the Liberty League he took the stump for Alf Landon; but that was probably his last big assignment for the simple reason that he helped to roll up a colossal Republican defeat. With his most recent appearance, as a crusader for Harveyism and the religious bigotry he once sincerely despised, he fell to a new low. If he has any regard for his own record, Al Smith will close the books now.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Scandal in the Air

Washington, April 18

IT looked a few days ago as if we were going to have that badly needed thing, a Congressional investigation of the radio industry. But now it seems that the Roosevelt Administration is out to head it off because it will be impossible to investigate the radio industry without investigating the Federal Communications Commission, which is supposed to regulate it, and the Administration does not want the smells emanating from that New Deal agency traced to their source. As a result, Representative Connery's investigation resolution still lies dormant in the House Rules Committee.

Congress owes both itself and the public an investigation such as Connery proposes. It owes it to itself because of the FCC's complete and insolent disregard of its instructions from Congress as written into the law governing its operations with respect to broadcasting. It owes it to the public because such an investigation will show that the FCC has steadily and lawlessly been frittering away the public's "last great resource," as that remarkable person, Commissioner George Henry Payne, has dubbed the air. It owes it to the public especially because, as another commissioner, Irvin Stewart, recently said, "the person who has the largest stake in American broadcasting is the listener. . . . In theory, broadcasting is for the benefit of the listener. It should be, for its heart is an uncompensated use of public property, and the listener is the man who foots the bill for broadcasting when he pays the cost of governmental regulation and when he buys the advertised product."

The rumors about the FCC which swirl about Washington these days are so numerous and so libelous that I shall not attempt to deal with them here beyond noting that if even half of them are true, the commission, which the Roosevelt Administration brought into being, is one of the most corrupt federal agencies in history. What follows here will be confined to matters of public record, to Senator White's recent and persuasive indictment of the FCC in the Senate, and to two recent speeches by Commissioners Stewart and Payne. Payne and Stewart, incidentally, are not members of the commission's broadcast division. Its chairman is Eugéné O. Sykes, a holdover from the old Radio Commission and a protege of Mississippi's Senator Harrison. Its other members are the FCC chairman, Anning S. Prall, a former Congressman who at least poses as a protege of Senator Wagner, and Norman S. Case, former Governor of Rhode Island, the division's Republican member. Case, Payne, Stewart, and Paul A. Walker comprise what is regarded as the progressive wing of the seven-man commission, but only

Payne to date has shown a determination to fight for the public interest. Unfortunately for the public, the most vigorous fighting has taken the form of squabbles between Sykes and Prall over what looks very much like the spoils. This squabbling has gone to such lengths that some months ago Prall reported to the FCC that he had heard Sykes was to receive a \$25,000 bribe for handling a license application for a Schenectady outfit. When the Department of Justice investigated and the G-men reported that no evidence had been found, Prall did his best to keep their report off the record. Payne has called attention to the disgraceful antics of the lobby that operates around the FCC, and the *Congressional Record* is dotted with references to reports that to do business with the broadcast division one must first pay tribute to any one of three political law firms here. Senator White has charged that the division violates its own rules and standards, and there are on record innumerable cases of favoritism shown certain license applicants.

The basic case against the broadcast division is much less stealthy and more simple than the matters just mentioned. It hinges chiefly upon the fact that the division has completely disregarded the fundamental principle of the act under which it operates. First enacted in 1927 and reenacted in 1934 when the FCC was set up and the old Federal Radio Commission abolished, that measure provides as its fundamental tenet that the ether belongs to the public and that the radio industry shall not be allowed to acquire or develop a vested interest in the air which may in time take this "last great resource" away from the public or interfere with its recapture and public development. Referring to radio frequencies, it directs the commission to "provide for the use of such channels but not the ownership thereof," and to that end the law stipulates that a broadcasting license is a privilege which the commission is under no compulsion to grant, that licenses shall be granted only for limited periods, and that before receiving a license an applicant must waive in writing any claim to use of the frequency or ether because of previous use. Furthermore, it specifically directs the commission to guard against the development of a radio monopoly or monopolies and empowers it to regulate broadcasting chains. In addition, the commission is charged with seeing that broadcasting licenses are distributed on the basis of "public convenience or interest or public necessity."

Far from obeying its orders, the commission has set itself up as the guardian angel and aid of those who are exploiting the last great resource in much the same fashion that our water, timber, land, oil, and mineral resources have been exploited and despoiled. It has functioned chiefly to smooth out competition in the industry.

Without the FCC policing of the air waves to keep the various stations from raiding each other's territories and frequencies, the industry would be in chaos, but for this policing, which costs the taxpayers \$1,500,000 a year, the industry pays nothing. Nor does it pay for broadcasting licenses, of which there are 696 outstanding covering the ninety channels or frequencies available to broadcasters. That virtually all the clear channels have been allotted to the chains and that they own or control 249 of the licensed stations only begins to tell the story of the monopolistic picture the FCC has allowed to develop. It is better told by the fact that out of a total of 2,500,000 watts in licensed broadcasting power, only 60,000 watts belong to independent stations. The monopoly trend does not stop there. Only recently certain members of the FCC moved to take away from the navy two out of five short-wave frequencies allotted this government by international agreement and turn them over to Columbia for private exploitation, just as the naval oil reserves were turned over to Fall, Doheny, and the rest in the Teapot Dome case; a cry of "Teapot Dome again" within the commission itself broke up the play for the time being.

If the monopoly trend which the FCC is permitting, if not fostering, is not soon abated, the public will inevitably be faced with as hard a fight to recapture its stake in the air as it has been having to recapture its stake in the nation's power resources. Historians have noted that the government could have bought the basic patents of the telegraph industry for \$100,000 at the outset and that, when Congress twenty-five years later awoke to their desirability, the price had jumped to \$50,000,000. The radio industry in its brief existence has gone way beyond that. Although it represents an investment of only \$40,000,000 at the outside, its 1936 gross was \$107,550,000 and is expected to reach \$135,000,000 this year. The significance of these startling profit in-

dicators will be brought home with devastating force when, as must happen, Congress declares the radio industry a public utility and subjects its rates to regulation.

The most incredible aspect of the FCC's performance to date has yet to be mentioned. It involves the trafficking in licenses and station leases which the commission has allowed to develop until it is now little more than a brokerage house or a trading post for the traffickers. As a step toward carrying out the Congressional mandate that a license to use a frequency is merely a license for use and not a symbol of ownership, the commission has established the practice of granting licenses for only six months at a time. A new application must be made by the licensee every half-year. That, however, has not stopped the industry from treating these licenses as long-term, negotiable contracts for exclusive use and ownership of frequencies. Licensed stations are being bought and sold for ten and twenty times the value of their physical assets, which would be only so much junk without a frequency on which to employ them. Columbia last year, for example, paid \$1,250,000 for a California station, and by any system of reckoning at least \$1,000,000 out of that price was for the frequency on which the station had a license. Similarly, under a new practice, stations are being leased for periods ranging from one to fifteen years at annual rentals nearly equal to the cost of the station itself. Worse still, stock-jobbing is going on; station securities are being sold to the public at prices which recover for the promoters their full investment in the station and still leave them in control of it, and the asset which the investors get for their money is an interest in a license which is good for only six months and, so Congress has ruled, can never be construed as representing ownership of anything. All these transfers, leases, and assignments have to be and are approved by the FCC, which doesn't believe Congress meant what it said any more than do the radio barons.

The War for Raw Materials in Spain

BY FRANK C. HANIGHEN

NO ONE takes seriously the claims of Hitler and Mussolini that they are fighting in Spain only to defeat "communism." Nor can any detached observer believe that the two fascist powers have any real hope of cutting the life lines of British and French imperialisms—the routes to India and French North Africa. The British Admiralty and the French General Staff know how to take care of their life lines. Dispatches in the *New York Times* on March 26 and 27 stating that the Italians had started a big drive in the south to capture rich mining territory in the vicinity of the Almaden mercury mine suggested that the foreign invaders of Spain have other, more concrete aims. Is the Spanish war an extension of the world-wide struggle for

raw materials? Are the two mineral-poor dictators making a little war in Spain to provide themselves with the sinews of a big war?

Spain constitutes a far richer preserve of the basic mineral elements which nourish industry than either Ethiopia or the former German colonies. Iron, the principal staple in munitions making, which both Germany and Italy lack, exists in abundance near Oviedo and in the Basque provinces. The best copper mine in Europe lies in Huelva. Not far from the mercury of Almaden the famous Peñarroya mine produces high-grade lead. Other essential minerals—tin, tungsten, zinc, silver, molybdenum, salt, phosphates, sulphur, pyrites, coal, and graphite—are scattered throughout the peninsula, while

Spanish Morocco across the Straits of Gibraltar contains iron, lead, and manganese. Under the monarchy and republic foreign and domestic interests developed only part of these resources. When the republic faced serious civil strife, it was natural that the two most predatory powers in Europe should look hungrily at the region.

The first move of Italy and Germany came late in 1934, when an Italo-German consortium of business interests was formed to exploit the Spanish mineral wealth. The Federation of Italian Industrialists made up the Italian half of the deal. On the German side the Metallgesellschaft led a group of firms which included I. G. Farbenindustrie, Krupp, Rheinmetall, Kloeene, and Siemens and Halske. They chose as technical adviser M. George Dubnikov, a White Russian engineer, who had worked as a tungsten expert for Metallgesellschaft interests. M. Dubnikov arrived in Spain late in 1934.

The time of his arrival is important. In this year the right parties won the elections and in October suppressed the revolt of the Asturian miners. Lerroux, friend of big business, dominated politics with the cooperation of Gil Robles, fascist aspirant for dictator and friend of German and Italian fascism. The time seemed ripe for Germany and Italy to gain a foothold in Spain. The consortium, according to Charles Reber, writing in *L'Oeuvre*, February 11, 1937, was formed with the avowed object of rendering "Germany and Italy absolutely independent of London, France, and Sweden" for all minerals, especially iron. (M. Reber writes with authority, for he was the first to expose the part which the Alpin Montan Gesellschaft, an iron company, played in the overthrow of the Austrian Socialists and the murder of Dollfuss.)

M. Dubnikov established headquarters in Barcelona and set up a testing laboratory. He made a thorough survey of Spanish territory. Among other matters, he became particularly interested in the lignite deposits in Isabena, Aragon, and sent samples to the Metallgesellschaft. He reported that these deposits amounted to 20,000,000 tons and that the lignite could be distilled on the ground into synthetic motor fuel. As a result of his report a military memorandum went into the dossiers of the consortium stressing the importance of distilling synthetic fuel in Spain so that German submarines and airplanes could be supplied there. Toward the end of his stay in Spain M. Dubnikov appeared to throw most of his allegiance to the Italian wing of the consortium, and it was to Italy that he went when he closed his Barcelona headquarters in April, 1936, just two months after the victory of the Popular Front, which put an end to the power of Lerroux and Gil Robles, and three months before the revolt.

In these critical intervening months the rebellion, as everyone knows, was hatched with the complicity of Germany and Italy. What bargain was made between the Spanish rebels and these two powers remains unknown. But the arrival of both German and Italian planes, followed by the virtual invasion of Spain by troops of both nations, certainly sealed whatever deal existed. M. Dubnikoff's researches simply provided a blueprint.

One section covered by the blueprint, the rich mineral

region of Spanish Morocco, was the first to get into the news. The Germans trod familiar ground here, for before the World War the activities of the German mining firm of Mannesmann in both Spanish and French Morocco resulted in the famous Agadir incident. (Driven out by the war, Mannesmann returned later and, according to a *New York Times* dispatch from Berlin, January 11, 1937, got a mining concession there.) But on August 27, 1936, Franco seized the Riff mines, German concessions and all, and set up a company in Seville called *Hisma Limitado*, Carranza y Bernhardt, with a monopoly on all raw materials from Moroccan mines. All for España and the Burgos government, of course.

As details of the deal leaked out, the real power behind *Hisma* became manifest. Curiously enough, Carranza and Bernhardt had long served as special representatives of German mining firms in Spain, and their new creation produced a branch in Berlin called Rowak. All existing contracts were canceled and new ones, it seems, had to be approved by Rowak. The deal contained a clause providing that the transport of minerals should be carried out at the risk of German consignees and that the latter would put German ships at the disposal of *Hisma-Rowak under the protection of German warships*. German payments for these minerals should be made by deducting the sums from the debt which Franco owed Germany (rumored to be approximately 320,000,000 pesetas). There could be no doubt who would get the inside track on the purchase of the ores. *Reynolds's News*, the organ of the British cooperatives, summed up the deal as follows: "In reality, *Hisma* is a German organization with a Spanish name."

Germany lost little time in obtaining shipments of the 800,000 tons due it under the terms of the contract. The SS. *Procida* of 2,600 tons, the *Garganti* of 2,225 tons, the *Pasajes* of 3,200 tons, the *Capri* of 2,753 tons, and many more set out for Germany loaded with iron ore. On December 22 Edgar Ansel Mowrer, who reported the deal in the *Chicago Daily News*, cabled, "An entire fleet of ships is engaged in bringing arms to Spain, returning loaded with iron ore for Germany."

As a matter of fact, Germany had no time to lose. The iron-ore situation had become acute. Great Britain, itself in the throes of an armament boom, was now competing for Swedish ore. The French Socialists, in power in France, had long been talking of an embargo on the ores in Lorraine. Spanish iron ore for the past year had been virtually unavailable because Spanish importers could not obtain German import licenses owing to the German currency shortage. Dr. Schacht, who had rationed butter, now began to talk of rationing the material which makes cannon.

The Italians, for reasons not yet clear, became most active on the side of Franco later than the Germans and after German military aid fell off; possibly because the Italian armament program was farther advanced than the German and the need for minerals less urgent. At any rate, the Italians now entered the race for raw materials and in a rather dramatic way beat the Germans to it. The latter, in December, had obtained concessions for tin in

Galicia and for iron near Vigo, and were inspecting vanadium and tungsten deposits in Estramadura. At this juncture some of the surprisingly large Italian detachments which were landed at Cadiz late in December proceeded not to the battle front but to the sites of the tungsten and vanadium deposits far behind the lines. Their apparent object was to prevent German occupation.

In January the Italians, now the most numerous of the foreign forces, started their drive on Malaga, which they captured a month later. Another push up the coast on this front would bring them to Cartagena, where lie some of the best iron, lead, copper, and sulphur mines in Spain. In December the Germans had attempted a drive for the Almaden mercury mine north of Cordoba in Ciudad Real province, but apparently dropped it, possibly for lack of troops. More recently Italian troops resumed the drive. Spain, the largest, and Italy, the next largest producer of mercury in the world, formerly had a cartel which fixed prices and controlled production. (Former Austrian territory, ceded to Italy after the World War, contains a large part of Italy's mercury mines.) The Loyalist government in October broke up the cartel, "for political reasons" as the Italians complained, and is rumored to have given an exclusive sales agency to the British firm, Alexander Pickering and Company. Since the Almaden mine, if fully exploited, could probably dominate the world market, Italy seemingly launched this military drive to take this commanding trade position from the Loyalist government. Meanwhile, Messrs. Pickering may prove to be a valuable friend to Madrid—perhaps the only friend—in the very unsympathetic City.

Elsewhere other battles rage. Rebels and loyalists still fiercely dispute the mining center of Oviedo. Farther to the east the Basque government defends rich iron mines. In Aragon German troops have appeared, oddly enough, not far from those lignite deposits which, as we have seen, might provide fuel for German submarines and airplanes in a World War. Down in Rio de Oro, a Spanish colony in tropical Africa, Loyalists have scored a victory over the rebels. Rio de Oro contains large rubber plantations for which Germany has acquired concessions to meet her serious lack of this vital raw material.

While Germany and Italy quite openly fight for raw materials, international capital takes a stand which can only be construed as cooperation with these powers. In the Riff, for instance, British and French mines receive no payment for their ore which goes to Germany; all payments, as it has been shown, are applied to Franco's armament debt. Yet these companies show a strange diffidence about the matter. Not only have they and their governments filed no protest, but the newspapers in London and Paris which usually voice their opinions have come out quite openly on the side of Franco.

Again the Rio Tinto mines in the province of Huelva, British owned, produce most of the copper in Europe. Renowned for its ruthless labor policy and the scandalous deal with the monarchy by which it obtained the concession for a song, Rio Tinto naturally feared that the Popular Front victory would bring retaliation. Shares dropped following the elections from a high of twenty-

two to thirteen in August. They recovered sharply after the rebels took Huelva in August and lately touched a high of thirty. Yet, while Sir Andrew McFadyean, commercial director, vociferously proclaims his sympathy for the rebels, the Manchester *Guardian* reports that the output of Rio Tinto is being requisitioned and sold to Germany at a price of forty-two pesetas to the pound sterling, whereas the current peseta's level is from eighty to ninety to the pound. Has an international capitalist "understanding" been reached with Franco and his German and Italian backers?

Viewed from this angle, the puzzling farce of non-intervention, probably the strongest element on Franco's side, becomes a little clearer. Consider how intricately French, British, German, and Italian capital—and American, too—is interwoven in the Spanish economy. That highly cosmopolitan family, the Rothschilds, besides holding an interest in the Almaden mercury mine, is said to own the famous lead mine of Peñarroya, now held by the rebels. (Remember Peñarroya's brilliant exploit during the World War? This company, in alliance with the Metallgesellschaft, Dubnikov's late employer, sent 150,000 tons of lead to Germany via Switzerland.) Today the Peñarroya's board of directors includes some interesting personalities: Frederic Ledoux, who sits on the board of the Spanish company Union Española de Explosivos in profitable proximity to Dr. Aufschlager, prominent in the German munitions industry; M. Humbert de Wendel, whose munitions interests straddle the Rhine; and the Italian Count Henrico San Martino de Valperga. The late Sir Basil Zaharoff, whose interests knew no frontiers, held (presumably his estate still does) a large share in the Logrosan mines, and his activities in the Spanish armament industry became justly celebrated as a result of the Nye investigation. These same Spanish armament factories, in which Vickers has heavy interests, at present carry on quite actively in Ferrol and Cadiz, which are held by the rebels. Rio Tinto works hand in hand with Metallgesellschaft in European Pyrites, Ltd., jointly owned by these two firms, and interlocks in some of its holdings with the interests of the house of Morgan. The Morgans have their finger in the Spanish situation through the International Telephone and Telegraph Company, which has a monopoly in Spain, and Catalonian power plants. Meanwhile Deterding and Standard Oil, still smarting from the rebuff which Primo de Rivera administered to them during his oil-monopoly adventure, are said to be standing by. But British capital dominates foreign interests in Spain, and it would take a long article to do justice to the extraordinary way in which British capital, often in conjunction with Spanish, French, Belgian, and German interests, has exploited the country.

In view of this situation, it is not hard to perceive at least one reason why the Baldwin government, representative as it is of finance capital, has stubbornly kept the non-intervention agreement going, against the sentiments of Léon Blum and to the detriment of the Loyalist cause. Apparently the knowing ones who insist that Britain could "control" a victorious Franco speak with authority.

Rhetoric—or Life

BY IGNAZIO SILONE

(Translated from the Italian by Eric Mosbacher)

A YOUNG Fascist writer who served voluntarily in the Abyssinian War has made a really important confession. In some correspondence which appeared in *Italia Letteraria* of April 19 last (Testimonianze dell Guerra, by Indro Montanelli), he wrote:

In this war there are already a number of dead who died for the sake of conformity; I might almost say a number of artificial dead, dead who did not wish to live, or were not able to live; as if they thought, or rather felt, that death was the only way of paying off the moral debt contracted before the war.

"In one sense," one of these men said to me a few days before he fell, "in one sense we pledged ourselves not to return. In reality we started pledging ourselves at the age of fourteen or fifteen. It was a crescendo of words."

Then he fell silent, bored by words; and the silence seemed to clinch the pledges. We made no attempt to hide that we were awaiting the test of deeds.

This war will bring many to maturity in the sense that in the future it will impel them to keep a more severe check on their words; many who, having pledged themselves not to return, will return. . . .

This war would be infinitely easier if there were not behind us that signed promissory note which we shall never in any way be able to meet. . . .

I think that this war will turn out to have offered to those who have taken part in it a gift more precious than oil wells; namely, the gift of a check on the written word, and still more on the printed word; a vigilant sense of responsibility for words. . . .

Many Italians who are here to fight proclaim that they are here in order to demonstrate their conformity to all the world. I have rarely found any who have had the "formal" courage to state that they are here because their conscience demanded it. Conscience is a word that is beginning to disappear from ordinary language. Whether it be an effect of collectivism or whatever it may be, the aim today is to justify oneself in the eyes of society. It is a fashion. I myself have cooperated, within the modest limits of my modest authority, in launching this fashion of "depersonalization." I do this or that because I have to justify myself in the eyes of public opinion. I project myself without. There are things that I ought not to do, but how should I justify myself in the eyes of others if I did not do them? I have to do them all the same. There no longer exists my, thy, his duty. There exists Duty; a standardized imperative, which is the same for everybody; and diversity of interpretation is taboo. It is judgment made easy, as easy as the application of an article in the penal code. This is an impoverishment. . . .

It would not be so if everyone confined his words to communion with himself. The habit of self-interrogation has been lost.

The quotation has been a rather long one, but it was worth bringing to your attention. This young author's

confession has an importance that goes far beyond the field of literature, for it reveals a distortion typical of Italian society, which is tainted to the core with the ancient disease of rhetoric. Amid the superficial changes of regimes and governments, the most prominent figure in the life of our country has always been that of the orator, and the supreme political art has been that of eloquence. When the ecclesiastical preacher or the government propagandist has proved inadequate, violence has invariably intervened on their behalf; invariably, even before the days of Fascism, in the so-called liberal epoch. If you examine our cultural history you will find that at bottom it is a picturesque tissue of magnificent but empty rhetoric and of refined brutality; from the time of the Jesuit *quaresimalisti* and the spies of the Inquisition up to Etcetera Etcetera with his blackshirts and their castor oil. Socialist eloquence was defeated and eliminated from our public life because at the decisive moment it was not backed up with force. The Socialists had many eloquent charlatans, many Don Circostanzas and Don Zabagliones,* but no fighters armed with daggers and bombs. Our socialism, particularly our parliamentary socialism, consisted predominantly of unarmed rhetoric enlisted in the service of a humanitarian mythology. Our Socialists were a mob of poverty-stricken workers and *cafoni* organized by innumerable lawyers, barbers, and commercial travelers; three types who are unquestionably eloquent but cowardly. Could our Socialist movement have come to any other end? It could not.

Our country is a country of rhetoric, but of armed rhetoric. The conditions in which the workers and peasants have lived their lives have always been so appalling that in self-defense the country's whole political and social superstructure has always had to resort to a great deal of ranting about culture, patriotism, religion, and order. Situations arise, however, when words no longer suffice, and then it becomes necessary to use force to save culture and all those other fine things.

It is well known that Etcetera Etcetera has assigned to the intellectuals of the government party the motto of "Book and Rifle," which is to be seen reproduced in the form of a vignette on many Italian Youth publications at the present time. A rifle is shown resting on a book. In reality it is the book that rests on the rifle. Nevertheless, Italian literature is in a state of acute depression, in spite of the rifle's support.

The depression is of a kind different from that afflicting other countries; it has a specifically Italian stamp. Italians read fewer and fewer books, and when they do read they avoid the books supported by rifles and pick out translations of foreign books. They turn from choice

* Don Circostanza and Don Zabaglione are characters in "Fontamara" and "Bread and Wine," respectively.

to pre-revolutionary Russian books. In 1927 the Minister of the Interior notified booksellers and publishers that in future it would be an offense to display pre-revolutionary Russian books in the window, and ordered that they be sold at a much higher price than Italian novels. Thus since 1927 Italian novels have been supported not only by rifles but by a considerable price advantage. Even this, however, has availed them nothing.

Every two or three years the awkward problem of why Italians do not read the authors of their own country but prefer foreign authors is discussed at length in the Italian literary press. It has actually become a classic subject for debate, and a whole literature has sprung up about it. Giuseppe Prezzolini, now a Fascist propagandist in North America, states in his book "La Cultura Italiana":

Bonghi raised the question of why literature is not popular in Italy. The answer is easy; it is that Italian literature does not come from the people but has always been an upper-class product. Italian literature has been a literature of nobles, courtiers, priests, monks, and, in our century, professors. It was originally developed at the Sicilian court and it is still an appanage of the Middle School or of the Academy.

The literary dilettante who has nothing to say but has to imagine feelings that he does not experience is a feature of every century. . . . The doctrine of "pure art" that ran its course in the time of futurism, or the "pure literature" advocated with a certain dignity by *La Ronda*, which left behind it the memory of its name if of nothing else, exemplified the same flaw in the national character. Many Italians of the nineteenth century, particularly De Sanctis, dedicated themselves to the task of destroying this type of literature, root and branch; one of the last efforts in this direction was that made by *La Voce* and allied journals. But all these efforts were quixotic, because it would be necessary to make a desert of Italy to make sure of exterminating the weed, so luxuriously does it flourish in every nook and cranny of the country.

Bonghi lived at the end of the nineteenth century. Thus, as I have already mentioned, the evil is not one of recent growth; there is no question of its having been introduced by the dictatorship. The dictatorship was not responsible for the disease of rhetoric; on the contrary, it was one of its results. It is true that quixotic attempts have been made to liberate the cultural life of Italy from the sway of the rhetoricians, but all of them failed, as Prezzolini said. The literary history of modern Italy is nothing but the history of these abortive attempts.

During the years in which the generation to which I belong was being brought face to face with life the shining star in the heaven of our national rhetoric was D'Annunzio. This is what Croce says of him:

He borrowed first from Carducci and the realists, then from the pre-Raphaelites, then from the Russian mystics, then from Nietzsche; and later a belligerent Garibaldian influence made itself felt. But whatever he touched he transformed, to make of it an object of sensuous delectation, for the pleasure of eye, ear, touch, smell, of all the senses; and his ideal, if he had an ideal that was his very own, seems to have been a totally new sense, different from any already possessed by the human animal.

The contagion was in the air. Another typical example is provided by Pascoli, who, though his poetical inspiration seemed of a very different order from D'Annunzio's, was also a victim of the disease of rhetoric.

As a disciple of Carducci and a painter of idyllic, rustic scenes in a style derived from old popular poetry [Croce writes] his [Pascoli's] aim was to elevate himself to the status of a heroic, mystical bard, and dissolve his dryness and calm into a fluid impressionism, in which humanism and patriotism and mysticism remained his aims, while over all of them there reigned a tearful, sighing voluptuousness that did not take long to turn into a mannerism.

Contemporary with Pascoli great public buildings were being put up in Italy entirely for show, and government *palazzi*, lyric theaters, and expensive, ugly, and cumbersome monuments were erected even in places where facilities for the most elementary hygiene were lacking.

There were men who reacted against this method of hiding the meanness and hardness of real life behind a façade of marble and sonorous verse, but their revolt was always ineffective, because they lacked comprehension of the social forces underlying all the rhetoric. They were certainly able to criticize its effects but not its causes. In reaction against D'Annunzio, such men as Soffici, Boine, Jahier, Slataper proclaimed the necessity of an art that should be serious and moral, addressed to the inner conscience. The group of writers associated with *La Voce* of Florence—Papini, Prezzolini, Amendola—reacted against the influence of D'Annunzio by demanding a literature of ideas. The *crepuscolari*—Gaeta, Gozzano, Corazzini, Palazzeschi—wanted to escape from the aesthetic of false magnificence by returning to that of the provinces in the nineteenth century. It may be said that no literary paper was founded by Italian young men without raising the flag of revolt against D'Annunzianism and all its affinities and derivatives. The revolt against D'Annunzianism was only victorious, however, controversially and intellectually; as regards artistic creation, its results were inferior to its premises; they were not entirely immune from the contagion of rhetoric themselves. *La Ronda* petered out into sensuous, descriptive, autobiographical fragmentarism, in which calligraphic preciousness was called in to hide the interior void. *La Voce* passed from the control of Prezzolini to that of De Robertis, lost Salvemini, Amendola, and other who went over to politics, and also tailed off into refined aestheticism.

In 1920, after all these failures, the critic Russo proposed making a fresh start by proclaiming the necessity of a return to Verga. Borgese announced his "return to classic, humanistic construction, to inquiry into the problems of the soul, to an essential style stripped of all ornament." The drive in this new direction had matured during the war. Its greatest fruit was Borgese's novel "Rubè," which was a merciless self-criticism and a condemnation of the moral insufficiency of the Italian petty bourgeoisie. Apart from "Rubè" there were the isolated, marginal comments of Tozzi, Linati, Stuparich, Svevo, Betti, and others, in each of whom in turn the critics

discovered native echoes of great foreign writers or anticipation and promise of an originality that failed to materialize. The exigencies of the novel remained unfulfilled. An attempt was even made to rationalize this impotence and present it as a characteristic of the Italian mind. Papini wrote:

Being, as he generally is, a subjectivist, the Italian of genius can do many things; he can express his own feelings, dreams, desires (lyric poetry); try to convince others, to his own advantage or that of his ideas (eloquence); artistically present his ideas on man, society, or other general themes (theoretical works); describe great deeds of the past, looking to the political causes and external events rather than to the inner mind of the protagonists (history); or, finally, attack these in order to ridicule them, criticize them, or defend himself (satire and controversy). But he cannot create creatures of the imagination who talk and act as living beings; or can only do so badly. In short, he is no novelist or dramatist.

But that is an arbitrary statement, confuted by the history of Italian literature itself, which can boast of great story-sellers, such as Boccaccio, Manzoni, and Verga. A far more profound study of the relationship between race and narrative genius would be required before it would be possible to accept it. On one point, however, there is general agreement, namely, that real novels are lacking in modern Italian literature, which is devoid of real, creative, profound, original, living works, show-

ing great cross-sections of society. And the gap has not been filled by Moravia, who, after the quixotic and abortive efforts described above, has made one more. His purpose has been described as that of pure narration. The pure narration of the author of "Le Ambizioni Sbagliate" is a last echo of the aesthetic of pure intuition. Moravia instructs a world of his own, the sole coherence of which is that of narrative, in contrast to the effective and human truth, hence also the moral and historical truth, of the great *impure* story-tellers. With Moravia art dissolves once more into technique and aestheticism; it may arouse the admiration of his colleagues but not that of his compatriots, who continue to prefer Gogol and Tolstoy. Moravia has penetrated to the very last frontier permitted to an Italian author, the frontier between rhetoric and living art. In our country that frontier coincides with that placed by the state between legality and illegality, between that which is permitted and favored and that which is banned and persecuted. That frontier looks even more prodigious and insurmountable if one remembers what Bonghi and Prezzolini have said of the social position of Italian literary men; the frontier, that is to say, is a class frontier. It is impossible to paint a true picture of any society without judging it. For an Italian writer that means going to prison or into exile. It means something else: breaking the courtly, cap-and-motley tradition of Italian literature; changing class.

Save the Food and Drug Bill!

BY HENRY LEWIS

WITHIN the next few days Congress will decide whether consumers are to get a new food-and-drug bill embodying the few minimum safeguards that have survived the attack of industrial lobbies or a pitifully inept measure that will destroy the hope of any effective action for another generation. The choice is sharp and distinct.

More than a month ago the Senate passed the Copeland measure, which is the legitimate, though pathetically emasculated, heir of the original food-and-drug bill. At present that bill is neatly pigeonholed in Representative Lea's House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. Meanwhile Chairman Lea is pushing ardently for the passage of a bill of his own which would enlarge the powers of the Federal Trade Commission. A companion measure, sponsored by Senator Wheeler, has passed the Senate, but House action has been fortunately delayed.

There is no quarrel with the general purpose of this bill—to increase the power of the Federal Trade Commission by giving it authority to regulate all "unfair or deceptive acts or practices in commerce" instead of just those which represent "unfair competition." But there are vital objections to the exact provisions of the Lea bill

which would reserve to the Federal Trade Commission exclusive powers to regulate food-and-drug advertising. If Mr. Lea gets his bill through the House, if he prevails on the Senate conferees to favor his bill rather than the Wheeler measure, which contains no such provisions, and if the bill has clear sailing from that time on—all of which appears to be in the cards—the Food and Drug Administration of the Department of Agriculture will lose all chance of gaining the one new and essential weapon it has been fighting for—control over advertising. The sections in the pending Copeland bill which would give the Food and Drug Administration that authority would be nullified by passage of the Lea bill.

Why should that control be vested with the Food and Drug Administration rather than with the Federal Trade Commission? Briefly, because the function of the administration is to protect the consumer; and because it is the only agency which has the information, the laboratory equipment, and the technical personnel necessary for regulating advertising. On the other hand, the Federal Trade Commission was set up to be an umpire in business disputes, and its record over a period of years shows an attitude more than friendly toward some of those

very manufacturers whose advertising is most objectionable.

Just how effectively the commission might be expected to crack down can be surmised from the story of its tender dealings with Dr. C. A. Constantine. The commission apparently was not aware of Dr. Constantine's activities, for it did nothing to put an end to them. It was the Post Office Department which finally stepped in and issued a fraud order requiring Constantine to cease operation of his mail-order business. But that is not the whole story. In the course of the inquiry the good doctor introduced a testimonial letter as evidence of his own stalwart character and of the sterling worth of his cure for pyorrhea. The letter appears below:

FEDERAL TRADE COMMISSION

Washington, D. C., April 28, 1931

Dear Dr. Constantine: The pyorrhea treatment was duly received, and I very much appreciate your kindness in sending it with your compliments. However, as the members of the Special Board have made a rule for themselves not to accept gifts from a party while his matter is still pending before them, I am returning the check herewith.

I have delayed writing for a few days until I should have time to try out and report upon your treatment. I have been using it, as per directions, and find it really wonderful. I have never seen anything like it. My gums stopped bleeding overnight, and began at once to improve noticeably in the matter of soreness and sponginess. While my case is not bad, I would go to the dentist, in Seattle, about every six months, for a few weeks of treatment, using common table salt between times, as that seemed more efficacious than any of the varied and sundry dentifrices tried and discarded in their turn.

I have noted another effect upon me, although it may be my imagination: that is, that your treatment so penetrates the gums and makes them feel so fine—with an agreeable taste moreover—that I do not crave for tobacco or a cigar as I had been doing. I am pleasantly surprised at times to find I have gone several hours without even thinking about tobacco, something quite unusual. I am wondering if my gums, saturated with nicotine, have not been calling for more.

I'll drop you a line when I've completed the course of treatment, and we'll see then how it holds up.

Again thanking you for your courtesies, and with best wishes, I am,

CLYDE M. HADLEY

Mr. Hadley is a member of the Federal Trade Commission's Special Board of Investigation. His letter reveals a susceptibility to the claims of patent-medicine dispensers hardly fitting in a presumably scientific investigator; aside from that, his solicitude for Dr. Constantine is all too revealing an indication of the tenderness with which the commission handles, for example, a big drug manufacturer like the Bayer Company.

Back in 1934, when Bayer was no longer enjoying its monopoly of the aspirin business because of patent expirations, the company was straining desperately to preserve its exclusive market and to protect its ridiculously high prices. Bayer aspirin, the company advertised, was the one and only original aspirin—or words to that effect.

It did not depress the heart, it did not upset the stomach, it was perfectly harmless, one tablet would put you to sleep. "Anyone can take Bayer Aspirin," the ads boasted, the implication being that if you took any other kind of aspirin you did so at your own risk.

Other manufacturers who were struggling to get a foothold in the market complained, and the Federal Trade Commission had to do something about it. But no one could have asked for more thoughtful consideration. Sparing the company the embarrassment of a public trial and dispensing entirely with evidence and findings of facts, the FTC issued a "consent" cease-and-desist order against the Bayer Company which was a model of restraint and indirection. The commission ordered the company to stop making such representations as have already been noted "unless properly qualified, limited, or explained." A most helpful suggestion. But the commission went even further; it stipulated that "nothing in this order shall be construed as preventing the respondent from making proper therapeutic claims or recommendations which are based on reputable medical opinion or recognized medical or pharmaceutical literature."

The attorney who negotiated this remarkable contract for the Bayer Company was Edward S. Rogers of the New York law firm of Rogers, Ramsay, and Hoge. His partner, "Jimmy" Hoge, is counsel for the Proprietary Association, which is generally credited with having done the most effective work in knifing the food-and-drug bill during the past four years. (For example, needled into Senator Copeland's measure as it passed the upper house last month is one provision singularly reminiscent of the Bayer stipulation. That provision exempts from the ban on false advertising and misbranding all such representations as are "supported by persons who, by reason of scientific training and experience, are qualified as experts on the subject.")

It is the same star collaborators, the patent-medicine men and the Federal Trade Commission, which now threaten the food-and-drug bill. The nostrum makers covet for the commission and the commission covets for itself control over all food-and-drug advertising. Last year their strength was sufficient to block passage of the Copeland measure in the House. This year history threatens to repeat itself.

In this connection it is significant that even various business groups, anxious to preserve the dwindling confidence of their customers, feel that the Copeland bill as it now stands is inadequate. It definitely weakens the seizure provisions of the 1906 law; it provides no civil or criminal penalties for false advertising; and it is full of dangerous loopholes. To hand over control of advertising to the Federal Trade Commission would be to yield the last hope of protection for the consumer. On this point the record of the FTC is all too clear.

For example, take the case of three nostrums presented as cures for rheumatism—Renton's Hydrocin Tablets, Allenru Capsules, and Sisson's Formula Tablets, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. The commission simply instructed the manufacturers to qualify their advertising claims by limiting them exclusively to cases of rheumatism caused by excessive

uric acid. This order, misleading as it is to the consumer who doesn't know whether his rheumatism is caused by uric acid or sunspots, would be bad enough if the theory that rheumatism is caused by excess uric acid had been established. On the contrary, the causative role of uric acid is today more obscure than ever.

When Renton's Hydrocin Tablets came on the market in 1929, the Food and Drug Administration clamped down on them immediately, for in common with Sisson's Tablets they contained cinchophen, a drug which dangerously affects the liver. The manufacturer had to revise his labels, but was required only to restrict his advertising claims to those conditions caused by uric acid.

The Food and Drug Administration has repeatedly pointed out that "it is the consensus of present-day med-

ical opinion that none of these conditions, with the exception of gout, is due to excessive uric acid." The commission knew the administration's stand.

What has been the inevitable result of such forbearance? The American Medical Association reports that in 1932 Renton's Hydrocin Tablets caused at least six deaths. And in a "Letter to Periodical Publishers," dated December 27, 1933, the National Better Business Bureau reports that when information concerning the A. M. A.'s investigation of this death-dealing product was conveyed to the manufacturer, "the company replied that it was conducting its advertising in accordance with a stipulation executed with the Federal Trade Commission."

It is this commission that is now asking for more power "for the consumer's sake."

Who Owns the Philippines?

BY JAMES S. ALLEN

THE Philippine question is being shifted almost entirely at present to economic grounds because of the forthcoming trade conference between the United States and the Philippine Commonwealth. The dispute between the two countries now centers around the economic clauses of the Tydings-McDuffie Independence Act, which grants a greater degree of self-government to the Philippines and promises independence in 1946, at the close of the ten-year "transition period."

The act was passed through the combined efforts of the Cuban sugar lobby and the Philippine independence missions, and as a result of this curious alliance contained compromises which are satisfactory to neither group. The Cuban sugar lobby is dominated by the National City Bank of New York and the Bank of Nova Scotia. These institutions represent the American investment in the Cuban sugar industry, the largest supplier of the American market. Their motive in favoring Philippine independence is to deprive the Islands of the American free market, which they have enjoyed since 1908, and thus remove the differential which permits Philippine sugar to compete successfully with Cuban. To assure this result they succeeded in writing into the Tydings-McDuffie Act a clause which provides that after the fifth year of the commonwealth an export tax amounting to 5 per cent of the United States duty is to be levied on Philippine sugar and other products and that this tax is to be increased from year to year until it reaches 25 per cent of the American duty in 1945. During this period American products are to be admitted to the Islands duty free.

As the result of protests from the Philippines, President Roosevelt, before signing the measure, promised President Quezon that a conference would be held to reconsider these clauses. Further pressure from the Philippine sugar industry and political developments in the Far East which render stability in the Islands impera-

tive for the United States have hastened the conference. The diplomatic spokesmen of the Philippine sugar interests have played up this need for stability.

Sugar, it is held, is the life blood of the Philippine economy. In 1934 about 60 per cent of the value of all Philippine exports was in sugar going to the American free market. Figures have been produced to show that 2,000,000 Filipinos are directly dependent upon the sugar industry, which is said to be responsible for a "high standard of living" (wages on the sugar plantations are about 20 cents a day), and that direct and indirect taxes paid by the sugar industry amount to about 40 per cent of the insular government's revenues. Frank Murphy, while he was Governor-General, in a cable to the Secretary of War (September 9, 1934) produced additional data to prove that the whole country faced economic disintegration: thirteen financial institutions had made 47 per cent of their total advances of \$72,500,000 on sugar; the Philippine National Bank alone, government owned (the Philippine government bonds are held in the United States), advanced 77 per cent of all its outstanding funds on sugar; the government railways derived 40 per cent of their freight revenues from sugar.

The Cuban sugar lobby has a number of allies, of which the most important are the refiners of American beet sugar and the National Dairy Union. More later about the beet-sugar men. If one excludes gold production, cocoanut products constitute the second Philippine export. A. M. Loomis, secretary of the Dairy Union, has been fighting for the last fifteen years against the admittance of cocoanut products from the Philippines duty free, holding that they compete directly with our domestic fats. A tax of three cents a pound has already been levied on Philippine cocoanut oil, and an effort is now being made to raise the tax to five cents. Mr. Loomis believes that "the one solution to the competition is Philippine Independence."

It is presumed that independence would mean the end of trade preference for all Philippine exports. This is the great moral argument which has won over an important sector of American big business for independence. But the prospect of losing the free market and possibly even a preferential market in the United States has caused the dominant Filipinos to view with alarm the possibility of independence.

The United States may have been more liberal than other powers in dealing with its colonial subjects after armed conquest, but it has not been less thorough in dominating the economy of its colonies. In twenty-five years the United States was able to transform the Philippines into an appendage of its own economy. In the years 1903-08, when the Philippines enjoyed a duty preference, average yearly exports to the United States were valued at \$12,000,000 and to other countries at \$20,000,000. Since 1909 free trade has prevailed. In 1929, the high mark in foreign trade, exports to the United States reached \$124,500,000, while all other countries received only \$40,000,000 worth of Philippine products. By 1934 the value of exports to countries outside the United States was less than the 1903-08 average. The Philippines thus gained a favorable American market at the price of losing all their other important markets. Under the impetus of the World War demand, sugar became by far the most important Philippine crop.

The Philippines have had to pay an even greater price for the favor of the American market. The American market could be obtained only on American terms, and these were, above all else, a monopoly of the Philippine market. In 1909 imports of American goods amounted to 17 per cent of total imports; in 1934, 64 per cent, despite heavy Japanese competition in textiles. A list of the chief imports demonstrates the industrial poverty of the Philippines: textiles, iron and steel and their manufactures, mineral oils, tobacco products, paper, wheat flour, automobiles and trucks, dairy products, chemicals, and silks.

The favorable United States market for agricultural products has tended to maintain and bolster the colonial agrarian economy which has made the Philippines a classic land of peonage. At the same time the American monopoly of the Philippine market has effectively hindered the development of native industry. Even the old-established tobacco industry of the Islands is suffering from the preferences established for American products, which are admitted duty and tax free. While Philippine tobacco products are taxed in the United States, American cigarettes selling at from 12½ to 15 cents in New York may be bought for 7½ cents in Manila. Philippine textiles and the iron and steel industry have hardly a chance of development. Although the necessary raw materials can be produced or are to be found in the Islands, Philippine industry is doomed as long as American products dominate the market and are not threatened by a tariff wall. The backward agrarian economy to which the Filipinos are thus sentenced has placed the imported American standards of democracy and of living teasingly

out of reach of the masses. Tragic, one might say, but also a powerful ferment in the caldron of social change.

To know who owns the Philippines is to understand the politics of Filipino-American economics. The United States Bureau of Insular Affairs in 1932 drew up a chart of capital investments in the Islands on the basis of data supplied by the Governor-General's office. It shows that 50 per cent of all capital investments in the Philippines, exclusive of real estate and farm lands, is American. Investments of American citizens totaled about \$275,000,000, of which \$150,000,000 was in government and railroad bonds. The next largest investors were the Chinese, who held 17 per cent of the investments, and the Filipinos, who came third with 15 per cent.

The American economic stake in the Islands is much larger than these figures indicate. Capital investments in themselves do not tell the whole story. Trade is a major item, but fixed capital investment is necessarily small. In addition, the chief attraction for capitalists is the exceedingly high rate of profit on a relatively small investment. The sugar centrals, for example, make a yearly profit of at least 50 per cent, and gold mines have been paying dividends of 100 per cent and 125 per cent.

The export industries, that is, the industries directly involved in the trade dispute, are predominantly owned or controlled by Americans. The dispute, therefore, is not primarily between Filipinos seeking an autonomous economy and American monopoly interests, but between one group of American capitalists whose principal interests are in the Philippines and another group interested in Cuba and in competitive industries in the United States. The principal exports, in order of importance, are sugar, gold, cocoanut products, abaca and cordage, tobacco products, embroideries, and timber and lumber. Sugar is the main lump of contention. Although most of the sugar is grown by Filipino planters, the industry is controlled by the owners of the sugar centrals. Of the total capacity of the centrals, 33.4 per cent is owned by Americans, 31.5 per cent by Spaniards, and 31.4 per cent by Filipinos. The remainder is in the hands of the Catholic archbishop, the Dominican friars, and a small Danish company. As Governor Murphy was kind enough to point out, the railroads and the banks are up to their necks in sugar.

In the American and Spanish groups control is more highly concentrated than in the Filipino group. In the Spanish group control is divided between the Tabacalera Company, the old Spanish tobacco monopoly, and the Elizaldes, a powerful industrial family. Among the Americans there are two principal groups: the largest comprises the American-Hawaiian interests, chiefly the Bishop estate, but the most compact is made up of the Alfred Ehrman-Spreckles interests of San Francisco, whose associates also have large holdings in the Dollar Line, the Pacific Commercial Company (largest import and export house in the Philippines), and other interests in the Islands. The American group, having the benefit of powerful allies, determines the policy of the Philippine Sugar Association. It is interesting to note that Alfred Ehrman is also the owner of the Great Western

April 24, 1937

Sugar Refinery, the largest beet-sugar producer in the United States. It is not improbable, therefore, that he participates in the sugar lobby at Washington which has been demanding tariffs against Philippine sugar and, incidentally, favoring independence. The Filipino-owned centrals are divided among a number of wealthy families, one of the largest being the Montilla family. Gil Montilla is speaker of the National Assembly.

The Filipinos have an important, although indecisive, stake in the industry, and here their misfortunes begin. The question of independence has been transformed into a question of dollars and cents. The Filipino sugar men, and these have the greatest influence in the commonwealth government, are now quite openly demanding that the Philippines be forever retained as a possession of the United States. They are asking for "continued commonwealth status" or some form of protectorate under the United States. In this they are repeating the demands of the leading American interests in the Islands, which want the assurance of United States protection against internal and external foes and the benefits of a free or preferential market. Other factors also enter into the situation, such as the menace of Japanese aggression. But the fact remains that a growing group of influential Filipinos are now finding sugar sweeter than liberty.

Although the gold-mining industry is not directly involved in the trade dispute, it has important bearings upon the situation since it is being hailed as the "new hope" of the Philippines, just as sugar was hailed a score of years ago. The industry is new and is being spoken of as a great factor making for the economic self-sufficiency of the country to the extent even of creating a prosperity independent of the fortunes of sugar. But these expectations are largely illusory. While Filipinos are investing their capital in highly speculative stock companies, dreaming of sudden wealth, foreigners have their hands on the actual gold resources. The American "gold king," Judge John W. Haussermann, controls 60 per cent of the gold production, which in 1936 rose to more than \$20,000,000. The Spanish Soriano group controls 17 per cent; another European-American group 15 per cent; the remainder is distributed among small Filipino and American companies. Other mineral resources have suffered the same fate. The Zambales chromite deposits, said to be the largest in the world, were transformed mysteriously from a United States government reservation into the private property of Judge Haussermann, who recently visited the United States to negotiate the sale of the mineral. The only large-scale producer and exporter of iron ore, practically all of which goes to Japan, is an American company. The Haussermann gold mines, with a paid-up capital of \$5,600,000 reported net profits of \$6,850,000 for 1935. Far from tending to make the Islands self-sufficient, the growth of the industry is increasing the American stake.

Copra and its products are important export items, but even more than sugar they are in the hands of Americans. The entire coconut-oil production is controlled by American and some British capital; the desiccated-coconut sector of the industry is also entirely in foreign

hands. There is not a single Filipino company in the entire coconut-processing industry.

Even the production of Manila hemp, the next most important export, is hardly controlled by Filipinos. The middlemen in the industry are mostly Chinese, while the large exporters are American, British, Chinese, and Japanese. In the cordage industry half of the total investment is American, while the other half is Elizalde (Spanish). In the tobacco industry 65 per cent of the investment is Spanish (most of it Tabacalera), while the American share is 8 per cent. Embroidery is a cottage industry, but it is done entirely on American cotton textiles (20 per cent of American cotton-cloth imports is for use in this industry). In timber and lumber 45 per cent of the total investment is American, 18 per cent Filipino, and 16 per cent Chinese. Nor do Filipinos have any stake to speak of in overseas shipping.

American investments in other than export industries will be indirectly affected by the trade conference. The most important of these is the Manila Electric Company, a subsidiary of J. G. White and Company of New York, which enjoys a virtual monopoly of electric power, and the Philippine Long Distance Telephone Company, a subsidiary of the Bell Telephone; of the two railroads one is owned by an American group and the other by the government. Of the total bank resources in the Islands amounting to \$140,000,000, 40 per cent is owned by the government, another 10 per cent by private Americans, 20 per cent by the Archbishop and the friar orders, and an equal amount by the British.

Even in the less important branches of the Islands' economy non-Filipinos dominate. The Chinese and, with growing persistency, the Japanese control 70 per cent of the retail trade. Filipino peasants grow the rice, but generally Chinese middlemen and wholesalers distribute the crop and collect a heavy tribute. Americans and a few old Spanish families control inter-island shipping. In bus transportation the Filipinos have made some headway, but the larger companies are in the hands of the power monopoly and other American interests. Of the two airlines, one is owned by Americans, the other by a wealthy Filipino sugar family. The largest owners of farm lands and city real estate are the Catholic church—originally a Spanish hierarchy, now largely American, Irish, and Spanish—and the Spanish friar corporations. Filipinos have grown rich only as *hacendados*, sugar barons, and, a few, as government employees.

At the coming trade conference Washington will find among the Filipinos a disposition to continue trading away their national patrimony for preferential treatment of Philippine products in the American market. Prior to and during his present visit to the United States President Quezon has indicated that he favors retaining the American naval bases in the Islands while opposing any immediate steps for political neutralization of the country. The maintenance in essence of the economic status quo—either under formal independence in the style of Cuba or under commonwealth status—can be only a preliminary to the ultimate complete dependence of the Philippines upon the United States.

Aliquippa Celebrates

BY ROSE M. STEIN

Aliquippa, Pennsylvania, April 12

"WHEN I hear Wagner bill went constitutional I happy like anything. I say, good, now Aliquippa become part of United States." The speaker, Pete C——, was fired from his job in the Jones and Laughlin steel mill in Aliquippa last June. Pete figured there was something un-American about his dismissal after twenty-six years of steady and apparently satisfactory service. He thought it un-American, too, when stool pigeons turned his wife and son against him, and when company police threatened him with bodily harm if he did not quit signing up the "hunkies" for the union. He did not quit. "Hell, no!" He flashed a bunch of signed application cards in proof as he climbed into an automobile to join the parade in celebration of the Supreme Court's decision in the Jones and Laughlin case. "Joke on stool pigeon all right. Even Supreme Court say to workingman, go ahead and organize, ho, ho, ho." He laughed till the tears came.

A line of cars covered with bright signs and blowing their horns moved along Franklin Avenue, the main street of Aliquippa, whose 30,000 inhabitants are solely dependent for their livelihood upon the Jones and Laughlin mills. The traffic police gave them right of way; company police were nowhere to be seen. The first two cars bore signs reading, "We Are the Ten Men Fired for Union Activity by J. & L. We Are Ordered Back to Work by the Supreme Court." Aliquippa's business community poked heads out of doors and windows, looked, smiled, occasionally waved. There was obvious restraint. Even a phenomenal court decision cannot overnight instill courage and enthusiasm into a community accustomed to walking the chalk line. But when the cars began their climb up to the hills where the 12,000 steel workers live, they were greeted with cheers and applause. No sign of fear there, no hesitancy, no restraint. All welcomed Aliquippa's ten heroes, all greeted with enthusiasm the sign on one of the cars, "The Workers of Aliquippa Are Now Free Men."

The heroes of Aliquippa, and the number of years they worked for Jones and Laughlin before they were fired, are Royal Boyer, eleven years; Eli Bozich, eight years; Domenic Brandy, twenty-five years; Ronald Cox, fifteen years; Martin Dunn, five years; Martin Gerstner, fourteen years; George Marell, fourteen years; Harry Phillips had worked for the company off and on since before the war and had been steadily employed for three years; Angelo Razanno, eight years; Angelo Volpe, twenty-one years. All were members of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers at the time of their dismissal. All joined that union as soon as it was organized in the fall of 1934. Phillips, Volpe, and Gerstner were officers. The others were active in recruiting members, especially Domenic Brandy among Italians, Eli Bozich

among Serbians, Royal Boyer among Negroes. All defied the management's request to vote in the 1935 company-union election. All were warned that the company "would close the plant and throw the key in the river before it would recognize an outside union," that the union was "no damned good," and that the active unionists were "on the spot." All were shadowed twenty-four hours a day. All had their homes watched. Some were beaten up.

Neither the warnings nor the terrorism were of any avail, and when the inevitable dismissals came, they were accepted with a fortitude rarely known to white-collar workers. Most of the men found work now and again on WPA jobs. One of them, Harry Phillips, became an S.W.O.C. organizer when that committee began to function last June. None earned anywhere near what their jobs in the mill had paid them. Since the board's decision calls for payment to them by the company "of a sum equal to that which each would normally have earned as wages," less amounts earned during that period on other jobs, the ten men are scheduled to receive by way of back pay what to them is equivalent to a fortune. In some instances it will amount to more than \$1,000.

Behind the comparatively simple story of the ten men who lost their jobs for union activity, and who are now celebrating their restoration with back pay, lies a long chain of circumstances the significance of which cannot be fully measured or even realized. There are at least seventy more discharged men in the Jones and Laughlin plants alone whose claims have either been filed with the Labor Board and held in abeyance pending the court's decision or are being filed now. There are several hundred such cases throughout the steel industry. In all industry the cases will probably run into thousands. The restoration of each job gives labor a sense of power, dignity, and self-importance. With but few exceptions the fired men became the most active union workers. Twenty-five became full-time organizers. Most of the fired men will go back to their mill jobs if given the opportunity. They will go back with a great deal of experience in labor organization, and it is safe to predict that before long they will become union officers and grievance-committee representatives. Unwittingly industry helped the union drive by sending some of the best workers into it.

Managers and straw bosses who did the firing will find it very difficult to negotiate grievances with these men, and since promiscuous firing is now forbidden, some of the bosses will have to go. Something in the nature of an exodus has already begun, and bosses of a more liberal turn of mind are being installed. One of Jones and Laughlin's vice-presidents in charge of the terroristic activities in Aliquippa has lost his job. He did not make good. Rumor has it that others will follow, including the heads of the company's private police force. All this was brought about by the Wagner bill, mused Pete as he settled himself in the back seat of the car. "Wagner bill sure gonna do lots for workingman. Maybe you can send me Wagner bill?" he asked. "I wanna see what him like."

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

TO TELL the truth about Henry Ford one has to be a bit brutal. It is not a rare phenomenon in American life for tremendous financial and business success to come to a man because of a single discovery, or because of knowledge along a single line. Plenty have struck it rich by an invention, or by finding a mine, or by genuine talent in making money through one operation or in one kind of enterprise. I have met many such, only to find that when one got them out of their field they were among the stupidest and worst-informed of men—narrow, intolerant, utterly prejudiced. Henry Ford is one of them. His chief trouble is lack of education. He is perhaps the richest man in the United States, and therefore the press constantly quotes him as if his opinions were worth while, and business men gape at him because of his success in piling up millions.

Now I have met Mr. Ford on a very few occasions, but when I have, as in connection with his peace ship, I have been struck by the incredible limitations of his mind. I knew he was of humble origin, just as I knew he had had the genius and inspiration to see that the man who utilized the gas engine to displace the horse and buggy would render a great service to his countrymen. I don't believe he did else than stumble into mass production, and it will always remain a question how much of his success was due to the late Senator James Couzens and the Dodge brothers and his other early associates. But I have met plenty of other men in various walks of life who started where Ford did and became good mechanics and shop foremen and somewhat successful, out of whose society I have got a great deal. They had a certain homely wisdom and understanding which was, I have always felt, the basis for Lincoln's faith in the plain people. I have found them shrewd and often able to go to the roots of some national or international problem much more quickly and directly than many highly educated, sophisticated people. I have learned from them, admired them, and been happy to be with them.

Mr. Ford's colossal ignorance and cocksureness on so many questions have always deeply repelled me. I was with him when he coined the slogan: "We'll get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas." As he first enunciated this it read: "Get the boys *home* by Christmas!" I pointed out to him that he had chartered one of the slowest liners on the ocean, that he would not sail until December 9 or arrive until December 20, and that if he got the nations to agree to peace the day he arrived, the ten million in the trenches could not possibly be sent home under weeks and weeks. So he changed the slogan to the historic line. But his reaction showed that he had in such matters only the mind of an immature child.

Years afterwards I interviewed him for a press association on the tariff and other issues and found myself utterly baffled by his basic ignorance, which, however, never prevented his expressing his childish views.

I have retold this story because it seems to me essential that the public should not be misled by the stuff and nonsense Ford is now talking in regard to labor. The public ought to know how untrustworthy, because ignorant and quite unworldly, are his views on anything outside of automobile production. "But is not the handling of labor one of the great successes of his life?" I hear someone ask. By no means. Despite the five-dollar-a-day wage, he has been one of the worst and most unsocial of our great employers. His factory "belts" have often been belts of torture—read in the April *Atlantic* what one worker has to tell of this dreadful slavery. He has done extremely cruel things not only to his labor but even to his executives. If you doubt that, read the Reverend Samuel S. Marquis's amazing book, "Henry Ford, an Interpretation" (Little, Brown and Company, 1923). After you have put that down you will understand why his plants are protected by barbed (some say electrified) wire; why he has an all-dominating private police ready to shoot, as in 1931, and spies to betray his laboring men. Dr. Marquis was for years Ford's personal adviser in religious and philanthropic matters. While he gives Ford credit for doing a lot for the welfare of his employees, he convicts him in specific cases of absolute injustice, failure to keep his word, and almost sadistic conduct toward men he has decided to hate and discharge.

It is a sorry subject, but here are the facts and they are vital to an understanding of the man in view of the gravity of the problems which his recalcitrance poses. Well, perhaps the Supreme Court's making the Wagner Labor Act the law of the land may have hit him between the eyes sufficiently hard to enable him to understand that when he says he will have no union in his factories he is going counter to the power and the authority of the United States government. Probably when he told the press he would never, never recognize any union, he had never heard of the Wagner Act; or if he had heard, his mind had not registered the fact. Now we shall see whether he is going to be a loyal American and accept the law of the land, or whether, from conscientious scruples or stubbornness of mind, he is going to violate it and pay the penalty the courts will demand. The answer will come in due course. Surely his son and his lawyers will prevail upon this untrained mind, which so often seems as destitute of reasoning power as of factual knowledge, to do the right thing and end the shameful servitude of his workers to his own arbitrary will.

BROUN'S PAGE

A Morris Dance

EVERYBODY told Morris he'd get fired. Years ago, that is, at least three or four, when the Newspaper Guild had its first convention in Washington, all the correspondents said, "No wire service will stand for a man who organizes." I remember that at that convention we had invited General Johnson to come around to a luncheon and make a speech. Morris Watson insisted that he wanted to hand the General a petition just as he got up to make his address. He was going to ask the chief keeper of the Blue Eagle to do something about wire-service men. They didn't get any benefits from the code such as it was. Nobody had much concern for them except Morris Watson. And he was almost a nuisance at times with his petitions and what not.

"General Johnson's our guest," I said, "and you want to stick a petition in front of him the minute he sits down to eat his lunch."

"To hell with his lunch," said Morris Watson; "we've got to do something about the press associations."

"Well," I argued with him, "in addition to everything else you'll get fired. All the Washington reporters say you'll get fired. And they're always right about things."

"So what?" asked Morris Watson.

"Just this. They don't say you'll get fired today or tomorrow. The guess is that it will happen presently, and quietly of course. But if you stand up there in front of the whole crowd and badger General Johnson with that petition you've been carrying around all morning, then you'll certainly get in trouble. You'll be sticking your neck out."

"Don't be silly," said Morris. "I've got my neck out part of the way already. I figure that if you're going to stick your neck out you might as well stick it out all the way. Then if you do get the ax, it won't just rip the top of your head off. It will do the trick more quickly and painlessly."

And so Morris Watson thrust his petition under the nose of General Johnson, and that got written up in all the newspapers, and eventually Watson did get fired. His head was chopped off and now it's been glued back again. And as I see it Watson is a happier man. I can't say he's wiser, because he was wise from the beginning. Naturally he had courage, but it wasn't in any sense that crazy kind of courage which makes a man want to go out and martyrize himself for the thrill and the excitement. All the time Watson was thinking of what would be good for the Guild. And he was right in his assumption that if he made his position as an organizer perfectly plain he was really in a stronger spot than acting under cover. It took them quite a while to fire him. The whole thing was very well timed as far as the Guild was concerned.

I'm not recommending legal action as anything like the perfect remedy for a labor organization. It took eighteen months between the original incident and the favorable decision in the Supreme Court. And in addition there was the risk. After all, the final score was five to four. A year and a half is a long chunk to take out of the career of a newspaperman. Morris Watson did get a job which was interesting, and that was a break. At the time he got fired he didn't have the slightest notion of what he was going to do next. He knew and we all knew that no newspaper would find him "available."

During the long interval we used to talk sometimes and reminisce. We had both been at one of the very early preliminary meetings of the Guild when nine or ten gathered together in the living-room of a little flat. "My golly, Morris," I used to say. "Back in those days I never dreamed that you were going to be Dred Scott and that the Newspaper Guild would be right up there in the big marble barn on top of the hill where the nine men sit. But there we are and even more there you are. And may God have mercy on your soul."

It looks as though He did, but Morris Ernst helped a lot. The Lord may have supplied the good intent, but it was Ernst who attended to the legal details. You see a case before the Supreme Court of the United States is a little like winning a heavy-weight boxing championship. You may be managing a promising contender but you can't chuck him into the big ring right away. He must go out and lick a whole lot of guys on the way up before he gets his crack at the championship. Some of these heavy-weights in the lower courts may be palookas, but any judge at all can ruin your man if he happens to swing from the floor and land a right hand on the point of the jaw. There certainly were occasions on the way up when both the Morrises had reason to worry. There was one federal judge, for instance, who said that economics had no place in a court of law.

And then at the very end there was John W. Davis, rich in reputation and prestige, standing before nine men not all of whom are liberal. And he raised that old wolf cry of the freedom of the press. He did it with dramatic gestures. He shook his silver thatch and said in the tones of one about to play Hamlet rather badly, "And now we come to the freedom of the press."

John W. Davis was just coming to it and from the outside at that. Morris Watson had been looking for that freedom all his life. His search had taken him right out of his job. And the Guild and he were making the battle to give reporters the right to be free men in a free craft. And so Morris Watson becomes the man who came back and not on his shield but with it. They've been good fighters, the two Morrises, and I don't see how anybody can deny that they deserve their victory.

HEYWOOD BROUN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

"COMMUNION WITH HER VISIBLE FORMS"

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

WHAT has interested me most in the books of Donald Culross Peattie is an attitude toward the world of nature recognizably individual and unmistakably modern. No pantheist ever had a completer sense of oneness with all created things, but that sense is accompanied by a detailed knowledge of the actual ways of life which many pantheists have actively avoided for the simple reason that it so obviously put them out. The Wordsworthian has a horror of those who "peep and botanize." He feels closer to mountains and sunsets than to elephants or salamanders because what he really feels close to is himself and his own sensibility as it is projected upon insensate things. He is, indeed, even likely to fear that the red claw—and cloven hoof—which the Victorian was horrified to discover put an end to all that; and he is prone to take refuge in something pleasantly innocuous like the mathematical God of certain modern physicists, which enables him once again to get away from actual nature in the paradoxical sense that Wordsworth may be said to have got away from it when he mistook his aesthetic pleasure in setting suns for a mystical penetration into ultimate reality.

But the oneness which Mr. Peattie celebrates is, if I may put it this way, protoplasmic rather than spiritual. All living things are literally and materially one by virtue of that colloidal aggregate out of which all are built up. Theirs is the fellowship of a great common adventure which began no one knows when or how and will end no one knows when or in what.

It is precisely because his latest book* has less of the trained naturalist's knowledge in it that it seems to me the weakest of the series. "Green Laurels" was ostensibly a history of the great naturalists and of the different aspects of natural knowledge to which different epochs devoted attention. "An Almanac for Moderns"—to which "A Book of Hours" is a kind of pendant—was based pretty closely upon mental and emotional reactions to specific scientific facts about living things. But the new book is far less continuously the book of a naturalist. It is a series of meditations, one for each hour of the twenty-four, and there are references, of course, to natural phenomena. But the tone and substance seem to me far more conventionally literary and to that extent far less original or individual. Some of the passages are fine, but there is a tendency to the cultivation of the purple patch, and it is a relatively rare phrase which stands out of a generally too mellifluous context. A reference to girl workers hurrying to lunch and "clothed in all their

salaries" is one. Another good passage is a little dissertation on pockets from which I shall quote:

Men rejoice in pockets, and by what a man fills them with before he sets out on the day's adventure shall you know him. The doctor slips his stethoscope into his coat. The thief drops his skeleton key into his trousers. The man with the failing heart puts strychnine in his vest. . . . Knives from caveman days have pointed what emergencies a fellow expects to meet. Various they betray the clerk with the forest of pencils to be sharpened, the hunter, the angler, the idle whittler, the nobleman, the king's assassin. The naturalist pockets a lens, or binoculars. Last, almost all of us put in something to barter or give away. Tobacco is social money inherited from savages. A horseman stows sugar about him. You may carry beads for the natives or seeds for the birds. I take bribes for children, that they will go away and let me pretend to work.

But all too often things seem pumped up, and the author is obviously in need of a subject.

Having said that much, I am going to be impudent enough to suggest one. What I should like to see Mr. Peattie attempt is a sort of history of the love of nature, which has been, I am sure, as complicated as the history of sex love and characterized by its own romantic and mystical and common-sense epochs. There exist of course treatises on the philosophical idea of nature as well as studies of the attitudes of various poets. There is even a Columbia dissertation on the attitude toward animals in the seventeenth century. But I know of nothing very close to what I have in mind, and perhaps I can suggest what that is by comparing quotations.

Take, for example, two sentences attributed to Augustine: "He created Angels in Heaven and worms in the Earth; and he did not show himself superior in the one nor inferior in the other. For if no other hand could have created Angels, neither could any other create worms." In a way that sounds quaint and remote, but if one allows for the theological language and considers only the attitude, it is actually much closer to the feeling of Peattie than the complacency of another bit from the once fabulously popular clerical naturalist, the Reverend John Wood: "The Study of Entymology is one of the most fascinating of pursuits. . . . It lays open before us another world of which we have been hitherto unconscious and shows us that the tiniest insect . . . has its work to do in the world and does it." That is not merely priggishly moralistic where Augustine is ecstatic, and utilitarian where he is reverent. It is also grossly homocentric; so that a whole volume of history lies between Augustine and the Reverend John Wood and another whole

* *A Book of Hours.* By Donald Culross Peattie. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

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volume between the Reverend Mr. Wood and something in Mr. Peattie much closer to the attitude of Augustine.

Or take the case of Dr. Thomas Arnold, who, so Lytton Strachey informs me, found Wordsworth's susceptibility to the meanest flower that blows "morbid." "Life," he said, "is not long enough to take such intense interest in objects in themselves so little"; and the objection would doubtless have held, a fortiori, against Augustine's concern with worms, if not, indeed, against God's waste of His time in creating them. But this was not all. "The whole subject of the brute creation is to me one of such painful mystery that I dare not approach it." Presumably what shocked Dr. Arnold was the absence in brutes of that "sense of moral evil" to which he attached so much importance. They could sin without suffering even the pangs of conscience by way of retribution. But is not that exactly the fact which moved Whitman to such envious admiration for the animals, who did not make him sick "discussing their duty to God"? "Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth." I doubt if men have loved or hated women for more different reasons or in more different ways.

Happenings After Death

BY ROSS PIERCE

I

We have spent years in ruling and scribing and painting
a page
To catch a glimmer of divine rage
And carved green peaks and strange lotus flowers on
pieces of moonlight jade
Far drawn by ponderous caravans serpentine out in
long parade
Back into and across the infinite snows of the lands
beyond Scheherezade
And leaped to brawny toil to song and to spade
And have seen those who produced copy by the cart,
To their own and everybody's hurt,
And stood by tables in factories till our bones would
crack
And behind counters in stores till our spirits were
stretched on the rack
Of time seeing the permanent display in the counters'
track
Day after day, stack after stack
Till we have run where the guns boom back
And tripped on the wrecked roads over remnants of
bodies whose incrustated flesh burned black.
And seen the unicorn
When the broad moon rides level with the morn
And all the glistening country side reechoed to the echo-
ing horn
And then the ribbon of concrete the seam of steel warms,
Down which pass the disaster and damnation of the
zooming locust swarms:
The blustering engines shriek out and the mills blast
their iron yields—
The decorations of the fields.

And the mahogany and the ebony and the ferny solitudes
Where only the snowy silent summit obtrudes
And the stab of chimney stack and howling sign bloods,
Sordid smudge factory suffocating hoods—
The graveyards of the woods.

II

And we have lifted our heads even as the lilies of the
fields and praised the Almighty until of Him we were
a part,
Found Him even in the high heaven of the human heart
And have come to look on God as an old heirloom to be
got out and handed around on stark wintry nights
When it is too cold to go out and see the sights.
We have scorned the spirit that was to be
And the bright garment of immortality
And let lechery tingle to the tips of our fingers and our
toes
And gloried in all that goes.
Shouted after saints
Down streets of yellow noon when the spirit faints
And mocked with ministers who thought themselves on
a perch
Because they went to church—
And we know how the tiger goes
And the cormorant slows
Before the long white silence of the snows.

III

We have known lands where princes were able
To go away for years and come back and find things as
credible
And lands where the legislature could not turn out laws
fast enough
As if the legislature were afraid by next year the people
would say they were old stuff,
And by next year the people did say they were old stuff.
We have partaken of such voluminous viands
On the purple-veined sands
By the blue sea strands
And we have snatched for the rank seaweed that strews
the shore where floated and bobbed up and down the
wreck
And seen ourselves as the nightmare with streaming black
hair and the ghost that walked.
Been swift as the winds, tall as the sky, broad as earth
and deep as the sea
Towering to infinity
And we have been small as a rat's hole and lacked control
and gone into ulterior parts
And considered the hurts.

IV

We have seen one borne off the stage as a soldier to the
cannon's boom
And the wealthy on the stage and the rabble in the pit
were amazed and sat hushed—
and rose up and stamped and clapped and shouted
for the glory of it long after in the purpling gloom
In one small north arc of the planet that shall sound till
the trumpet of doom

And we have seen one vanish into the house of hell forever
 And with everything outside communication sever
 To rot and rust
 In the bitter sweet of despair and tart licorice lust—
 And departure of all sense of the fine and the fair and the just.
 And we have seen a philosopher standing out on the horizon whose face shone like a star
 afar

V

And we have seen Phosphor holding aloft his azure taper
 in the still misty eastern sky, for sailors to steer by
 And we have seen Hesperus put up her silver candle in
 the wide window of the west
 And none none at all came home to their rest
 And none none at all found aught on their quest,
 Only the ocean sweeps in and recedes, sweeps in and
 recedes again down the long dark curving beaches in
 a perpetual unrest.
 And we have sped the white horses of the dawn far out
 over the gleaming heavenly vault,
 In titanic tumult
 Out where the broad bright clouds do glorious exult
 And we have stood in the subway to see it vanishing down
 the long, staked tunnel flinging its flickering red spark
 Rocketing through the unresponsive dark . . .

And shall I speak of happenings after death
 Of the stricken breath
 Of the unseen power
 Casual at the breaking of a flower
 Of the wind that blows
 Holding the secret of a world beyond the snows?

BOOKS

The Lower Depths

RAINBOW FISH. By Ralph Bates. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.

THE prologue of Mr. Bates's new novel offers us three washed-up bodies carried in from the breakwater rocks of the Greek island of Skarpa. Captain Wells, whose ship has just been honestly wrecked on that coast with the loss of four men, fails to identify them. But the Greek harbor master presently recognizes them as part of a sponge-diving gang of seven: "rascals, misters, no good, dear officers, one of them has be stabbed, oh, very bad rascals, thieves, murderers!" The captain, the harbor master, the pilot, the consul, and the other officials thereupon turn indifferently from the bodies to the more important business of manifests, bills of lading, and insurance claims.

Rascals they were, by any of the usual standards, this gang of sponge divers, whose stories, up to the disaster in which they were drowned, are told in the following pages. By

crooked ways each of the seven had come to this last job of the socially outcast—diving for sponges for which the company paid them one-fifteenth of the wholesale price on Skarpa market. One of them is an English captain, Skinner, who had been engaged in a wrecking racket to swindle insurance companies, which finally brought him to grief. Another, Freeth, ex-soldier, ex-mechanic, ex-member of a touring theatrical company, has behind him the memory of a sudden murder in a dingy bedroom at Marseille. A third, Legge, an English writer tormented by failure, has had several unfortunate experiences with his mistresses, who have a way of dying on his hands and leaving him socially discredited and conscience-stricken, though not criminally liable. O'Phelan, the Irishman, is full of tales of his exploits as a member of the Irish Republican Army, but is suspected by his mates of having never been nearer Ireland than the slums of Liverpool. Weisendonck, the London Jew, has succumbed too often to the temptation of dubious get-rich-quick schemes. Malatesta, member of the Mafia, has had to escape from Sicily, abandoning violence to the organized government monopoly. And of Phil, the little Albanian, we know nothing except that he is always packing up to go home to his mountains, but never goes. Within the gang are sympathies and antagonisms: a reluctant cooperation between Freeth and Skinner, who know all about each other; a more friendly understanding between Legge and Weisendonck, for Legge is capable of honest thinking and the Jew of honest feeling. Whose were the three washed-up bodies? It really doesn't matter, though we have learned who the stabbed one is by the time we have finished the book. All were undoubtedly lost in the storm that made the battered yacht, taking them to a new diving field, spring a whole line of rivets on the port bow.

Why should we care whether such "rascals, no good," were drowned or not? They remind one of the derelicts in Gorki's "Lower Depths"; even the dreams two or three of them cherish of a new life have become as hopelessly unrealizable as those of Gorki's outcasts in the night lodging-house. Had they ever been worth saving? The answer is clear enough in the case of Freeth, whose story is the most complete. It is a biography developed by brevities of statement, flash-backs, glimpses; but it compasses boyhood, family relationships, emotional and intellectual growth, pressure of the economic and social system. It puts into our hands all the clues to the understanding of temperament and molding circumstance that we need—if we are willing to work a little. We must pause over an image, a half-told incident, a fragmentary scene, a repeated reverie pattern, and search out the implications and connections. If we do, we see precisely where Freeth was thwarted, how innocently his neurotic escape technique of a double life began, how stealthily his habit of violence grew upon him, which were the decisive moments when adjustment and fulfilment might have taken place. In presenting only the essentials this is as fine a character study as any in recent fiction. It is one of the richest harvests of the new techniques and the new understandings we ascribe roughly to the pioneer work of Joyce and Freud. Fifteen years ago Virginia Woolf, convinced that the old tools no longer did the work of the novelist, urged us as readers, while experimentation with new tools was going on, to tolerate the spasmodic, the obscure, the fragmentary, the failure in a good cause. With such work as this of Ralph Bates before us, we no longer need to tolerate. We can rejoice in an achieved mastery.

It is the early promise of Bobby Freeth, the boy in the organ loft and the library, which convinces us that he had

been worth saving. It is the final achievement of Captain Skinner that makes us regret his death. In his long struggle to hold the ship against the storm in the treacherous channels among the rocky islands, he wins back his integrity as a seaman. These two are the striking examples. But in his concern to understand these outcasts, stressing in each one certain traits, certain ways of thought and feeling, certain balked possibilities, never sinking into conventional and sentimental interpretation, Bates is making as striking a revolutionary affirmation of human values as Gorki did—though he is not explicit (and oratorical) about it, as Gorki often was. Like Gorki, Bates, as "Lean Men," "The Olive Field," and this novel all demonstrate, knows his proletarian, his peasant, his ex-men. Like Gorki, in the ways suitable to the contemporary phase of a long struggle, he brings his faith to the test of action on the revolutionary front, and offers us the exciting spectacle of the integrated activity of man and artist. The nearest approach to explicit statement of revolutionary faith is placed in the mouth of Legge, who once dives very deep and almost dies of it, but is led by that experience to face the fears that have made him timid, evasive, insincere. He faces less personal fears as well. "I used to feel how miserable human life is. We've come all the way, yes, that's it, out of the first idiocy or out of matter, out of the depths of the sea if you like, and all we can do is to quarrel and scratch in the dirt . . . knock together tables like that or sweat grease and drink a bottle empty and light a penny candle against the darkness. . . . Yet I feel we could be *anything* because we have got out of the depths." "I understand what you mean," replies Weisendonck, "about life being all canteen tables and candle stumps, but we *could* make something of life. . . . We've got to plan for it, make a new social order." Irony—in the mouth of Weisendonck, the outcast? No more than in the mouth of Satine, the tramp, in Gorki's play. Rather a challenge and a faith.

"The rainbow fish swam across the reef . . . the school streamed over in arrow formation, blue and red and yellow and silver, flashing between their legs and arms; they slid between Freeth's fingers as he grasped at a sponge. He saw them stream down O'Phelan's back, right in the center, over his spine; then the arrow burst into a cloud of flashing prisms." Later O'Phelan ponders: "Say, Bob, do you know what them bloody fish was like? I had a bag of glass marbles when I was a kid, with colored stripes in 'em."

Men: creatures who may become as diversely beautiful, as swift and sure and harmonious as rainbow fish in the corner of the universe that is their element? Or marbles, counters in some purposeless game of chance in the gutter?

DOROTHY BREWSTER

Variations on a Theme

THE YEARS. By Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.75.

BY THIS time so little that is fundamental remains to be said of the merits or limitations of Mrs. Woolf's narrative method that a review of her new novel, which is a reshuffling of elements already familiar to all readers of her work, is doomed to the same sort of repetitiousness from which that work itself has for some time suffered. Her admirers, writing in a style too suspiciously like her own to be altogether convincing, will revive the phrases about the beauty and the distinction and the ultimate truth to life of everything that Mrs. Woolf has written. And a few others, still

disturbed by the persistence of these claims, will take the trouble to point out that each of them is capable of a little more exact definition—particularly the reference to the truth about life. They will doubtless protest that what we probably get in these distinguished novels is not so much life as a special vision of a special kind of life—a vision, moreover, that has been largely created, nurtured, and corroborated by the conditions of this life. "We receive but what we give," in Coleridge's well-known formula; and if Mrs. Woolf's impression of the years is what it is, it may be only because she has superimposed on them an impression that was, in the first place, the kind of impression that the Ramsays, the Pargiters, and the rest were forced to draw from their own experience. From this maddening shuttle of cause and effect, this rankest of determinisms, we are never released through that vigorous act of imagination by which the writer attempts to transcend the limiting conditions of his materials: the deep voice of Coleridge mumbling of the fusion of "*sumject*" and "*oomject*" is stilled like everything else by the resounding waters of time. So also in the set pieces of beautiful writing—precisely distributed here at the beginning of each of those divisions by which the immeasurable is arbitrarily measured—what we get thrown back at us, in this charming evocation of a summer day, this clever impersonation of a March wind, are images and words and phrases so hoarily incrusting in the characters' collective consciousness that nothing really fresh is added to our perception. And it is undoubtedly the total effect of language of this sort that is referred to by the somewhat vague term distinction. It is now apparent that final evaluation of Mrs. Woolf's work must revolve monotonously around the question of the experience and the attitude toward experience of her typical characters. This is a standard imposed by her faithful refusal to oppose any attitude of her own by which we can measure them within the perspective of her work. And it is, needless to say, a standard that cannot be very successfully applied beyond a certain point. Either these people will be found to glow with a still potent charm of well-bred sensitivity or they will emit a most unpleasant smell as of something already quite dead and decayed.

All that is perhaps necessary in this review, therefore, is to consider the reshuffling that has taken place in the light of its possible consequences on the theme. For the book is of course another celebration of the flux, another slow passage down the most traversed river in modern fiction, another extended prose gloss on *Eheu fugaces, anni labuntur*. But where in "Jacob's Room" and "Orlando" the theme was rendered in terms of a single individual, and where in "Mrs. Dalloway" and "To the Lighthouse" the period covered was relatively short, we have here a chronicle of a whole typical middle-class English family, with their accumulating host of relatives and friends, from 1880 to the present. Such distinctions should not, however, be stressed too much; for in "The Waves" also Mrs. Woolf was concerned with tracing the destinies of a group of people over the whole course of their lives. The great difference would be that for the first time she is trying to maintain something like a balance between the outer and the inner reality, between the public and the personal, between the mechanical ticking of Big Ben and the sound of time's passing in the mind's ear. In this effort she has returned somewhat to the form and style of her very earliest novels; she has adopted a simple chronological order; and she has practically put a stop to the direction which reached its climax in "The Waves."

The most immediate changes to be observed will be in fact the reduction of those prolonged subjective improvisa-

tions that have been so much admired in all Mrs. Woolf's more recent novels. From another point of view of course, this shift to a neater, more rapid, less mannered style will be welcomed. It promises, at least at the beginning, a corresponding modification of other important things—most notably the conception of human character as little more than a highly sensitized instrument for registering impressions. But this is unfortunately a promise that recedes in exact proportion to the characters' uniform failure, through the unfolding years, to exhibit anything resembling moral progress. Time goes on and on, but the Edwards, the Delias, the Eleanors, and the Kittys retain the same niceties, the same frustrations, the same terror of existence with which they began. All suffer from a malady of will that makes them as inappropriate to the purposes of fiction as to the bustle and dirt of the London street.

Of all the symbolical scenes in the book none is more symbolical than the one in which a member of the Pargiter clan, looking out from the tastefully furnished room in the slums which she shares with her sister, is made to exclaim: "In time to come . . . people, looking into this room—this cave, this little antre, scooped out of mud and dung, will hold their fingers to their noses"—she held her fingers to her nose—"and say, 'Pah! They stink!'" With characters possessing such a view of themselves, Mrs. Woolf is hardly able to do very much that she has not already done, with consummate perfection, in the past. The present book merely throws into new relief the fact that no expansion of scale, no experimentation with method can lend meaning and significance where neither is implicit in the experience. It seems more than ever unlikely that Mrs. Woolf's talents, which are considerable in so many different departments of fiction, will develop to their full measure while she persists in limiting herself to purely formal variations on the same old dirge-like tune.

WILLIAM TROY

American Microcosm

MIDDLETOWN IN TRANSITION. By Robert S. Lynd and Helen Merrell Lynd. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$5.

EVERY student of man seeks those "laboratory situations" which, through some quirk of history, resemble to a degree the finely drawn controls of his fellows who work with the lower animals, plants, or inanimate matter. Such situations are found only occasionally; even more seldom is one permitted to reexamine his own materials after a lapse of time to see what has occurred in the interim. Ivanovsky, a Russian student of human physical form who measured White Russians before the Great War and later through subsequent measurements was able to record the shocking effects of starvation resulting from the *cordon sanitaire* drawn about Russia after the peace of Versailles, was one of these; Boas, retesting his hypothesis of the effect of their new environment on immigrants to the United States a generation after he had made his original investigation, is another. The Lynds have been placed in a similar fortunate position and, like these others, have made the most of their opportunity.

Their new description of life in Middletown, though it stands on its own feet and can be read without too much reference to its predecessor, must inevitably be compared with their earlier work. The striking difference between the two books is the sureness of this later attack. In their earlier

volume, which was perhaps handicapped by too much preliminary acclaim because of its supposed application to an American city of the techniques developed in the study of primitive cultures, one was impressed with the thesis-like nature of the treatment, with which went an attempt at "impartiality" often made by those whose experience in research has not been sufficient to teach them that the surest impartiality is found in the work of one who knows his biases and faces them openly. These objections do not apply to the present volume, which shows a tremendous growth on the part of the authors. Their material is not so heavily weighted with irrelevant statistical data; there is a greater realization and a much finer treatment of the subtleties of culture; and there is assurance in departing from well-trodden paths that only comes with maturity and tested control of technique.

The preface and first chapter tell how Mr. Lynd with his five assistants went back to "Middletown" in June, 1935, for a "brief . . . restudy" of his original material, and how "what was to have been an exciting summer interlude . . . turned into an intensive analysis of more than a year" and resulted in a book larger than its predecessor. After this introduction the authors move at once to their data with a chapter on the economic background. Here is told what happened to the businesses of Middletown, its manufacturing enterprises, and its workers in the years of boom and depression; in what terms the consumer was assessed, how the business group controlled the labor situation, and what happened to that universal opportunity to "get on" that is acclaimed as the American heritage. The next chapter, a case-study of the powerful "X" family, shows, far better than more extended and elaborate researches can perhaps show, how the concentration of wealth affects the lives of the members of a community as this octopus steadily extends its tentacles.

Next we come to various other segments of Middletown life. The chapter on relief, both in its placing and length, demonstrates how important "caring for the unable" has become in recent years. The chapter on the changes that have taken place in home life includes a classification of occupations followed by Middletown women of the "business class," and the relative degree of acceptance of these occupations by the members of that class, that is one of the shrewdest appraisals of the "social" aspects of American small-city life to be found anywhere. Other chapters deal with education, religion (of pathetic shortness, as befits religion's place in Middletown's real interests), government, the press, and sanitation. In these chapters can be seen the patterns of use and abuse we find in most American cities. If the degree to which behavior associated with the "flapper age" characterizes Middletown's younger set of today comes as a surprise, the venality of government and the courts, and the distaste of the medical profession for whatever might tend to invade its vested interests are anything but startling.

The book ends with two revealing chapters and as many statistical tables as are needed adequately to document the text. The chapter entitled *The Middletown Spirit* is noteworthy for its freshness of approach in summarizing a social setting; the final discussion, *Middletown Faces Both Ways*, analyzes with unusual keenness the motivations underlying the life that has been objectively recorded. Especially important here are the account of how socio-economic classes are in process of formation in this midland city where democracy is a fundamental tenet, and the discussion of Middletown's attitude toward fascism and communism.

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"Middletown in Transition" is thus a work that should stimulate us to do the very thing that is most difficult for us or for any people to do—objectify our own existence. For the life described so well here by the Lynds is not the life of Middletown alone, it is the life of the United States; and whatever of significance there is in the story of Middletown's past ten years—the changes that have occurred, and the patterns that have withstood the onslaughts of the depression—must hold significance for an understanding of American life viewed in its wider perspective.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

"A Long and Foolish Life"

FORTY YEARS ON MAIN STREET. By William Allen White. Compiled by Russell H. Fitzgibbon from the Columns of the *Emporia Gazette*. Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.

OF ALL the American liberals Bill White of Emporia is the most pernicky, perverse, pernicious, and periodic. He is the most often mistaken, inconstant, inconsistent, unwise, short-sighted, percipient, emotional, banal, self-righteous, self-critical, partisan and independent, generally maddening, and altogether lovable conservative in the entire country. If anyone doesn't believe me, let him read this book, in which William Allen White will prove to him the correctness of every adjective that I have used about him and many more besides. "A long and foolish life," he terms his existence, heaven bless him! But it has been a foolishness for which men and women innumerable have loved him; which has made him an American institution, as variable as a weather vane but as serene and happy as the leadenest rooster perched on any Kansas barn; a source of infinite betting as to which side he will jump to whenever an issue comes up; a joy forever.

This very book is born, I venture to wager, out of the love of the men who work for him. He, I am sure, never suggested it. They just came to him, now the granddaddy of them all, and said: "Here, Bill, here is something we are going to do to you. Better come aboard." So come aboard he did and then redeemed this book and made it something far more worth while than a mere chronicle of his own chronicling of Main Street by adding in footnotes his own deliciously frank comments on that editorial slush of his which Mr. Fitzgibbon has picked out. Yes, slush—a lot of it, and any amount of local tittle-tattle, and then, every now and then, something to make you want to go to the nearest street corner and whoop with joy. What pride he takes in his own mistaken judgments! What other editor would have written of his editorial on "The Gaiety of War," "This is terrible, and the editorial on the next page is about as bad. I don't believe in a thing in either of them now"? What other editor would stand such a gaff (may little I be dead before anybody deadly parallels any of my miles of error!) and disarm the reader by the frankness of his confessions of guilt?

When I entered journalism as a cub reporter just out of Harvard I got called down one night by the managing editor of the *Philadelphia Press* for being too highfalutin. "Write it over again," he said, "in a corner-grocery style." Well, Bill White would never have earned that rebuke. He knows not only the corner grocery but the morgue, the saloon, the Y. W. C. A., the D. A. R., and all other low forms of life in Emporia and Kansas—and all the best, too. But who else could do an editorial like this?

Dr. Hiram Evans, the Imperial Wizard of the kluxes, is bringing his consecrated shirt tail to Kansas this spring, and from five gloomy klaverns will make five Kansas speeches. We welcome him. Enter the Wizard—sound the bull roarers and hewgags. Beat the tom-toms. He will see what was once a thriving and profitable hate-factory and bigotorium now laughed into a busted community; where the cock-eyed he-dragon wails for its first-born and the nightshirts of a once salubrious pageantry sag in the spring breezes and at the wobbly knees. The kluxers in Kansas are as dejected and sad as a last year's bird-nest, afflicted with general debility, dizziness on going up stairs, and general aversion to female society!

Or this utterly frank and truthful characterization of Frank Munsey:

Frank Munsey, the great publisher, is dead.

Frank Munsey contributed to the journalism of his day the talents of a meat packer, the morals of a money changer, and the manners of an undertaker. He and his kind have about succeeded in transforming a once noble profession into an 8 per cent security.

May he rest in trust!

Well, when the World War came, this liberal editor was just about as wrong as he possibly could be, as he freely confesses when he writes today that, as he looks back on the war, it "seems to be meaningless." He was carried away by Woodrow Wilson, describing him on May 1, 1917, as a "wonderful man," "a great man," of "splendid stewardship," "because of his last great note . . . mankind is considering seriously whether or not there is a God in Israel." Now he says, "How the pious wishful thinking of Woodrow Wilson did mess up the world." On February 8, 1917, Bernstorff had done "great work to preserve peace between the German and American people." Three weeks later Bernstorff "should have been put in jail for incendiary conduct"—an ambassador! Similarly he was wrong on the men who voted against the war, wrong on Debs, wrong on Sacco and Vanzetti (whom he now declares not guilty), wrong on Harding, wrong on Coolidge, and he admits all these sins. He clings only to his personal love of Theodore Roosevelt, the biggest political faker of them all, and he is the only brainy man I know of who still says a good word for Herbert Hoover, whose nomination this great liberal editor seconded; if I hadn't heard him with my own ears I couldn't have believed it.

All right. The book is well worth while if only as a hair shirt for all editors. And if I live long enough I will vote to have Bill White's bust placed in the Hall of Fame. That will be pretty tough on him, I admit, but there will be something the matter with Kansas if it doesn't have one Kansan in that mortuary. OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Sweat Shops and Cherry Blossoms

JAPAN'S FEET OF CLAY. By Freda Utley. W. W. Norton and Company. \$3.75.

LIVING IN TOKYO. By Katharine Sansom. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$5.

HERE are two books, both written at the same time, both by Englishwomen, both about Japan. Yet one might be about the Middle Ages and the other about the moon for all that they have in common. The country seen through the pages of "Living in Tokyo" is fresh and gay, a color-print background for gentle lives among the rice fields and the temples. But Job afflicted by boils suffered little compared to the country of "Japan's Feet of Clay," racked by

every social and economic ill the state is heir to. Lady Sansom, walking among the Japanese, understands; Dr. Utley, peering at them through an economist's microscope, judges. The former loves the land and the people, while the latter is consumed with a fierce hatred for the nation and all its works.

Dr. Utley's thesis is that Japan, for all its mail-clad exterior, is being rotted away inside by poverty, starvation, cruelty, corruption, ignorance, injustice, and repression. Knowing the country's inherent instability, the author is angry that the Western world should allow itself to be intimidated by the swagger Japan puts up. So with merciless scalpel she sets out to dissect the economic and social organism of the country and demonstrate its inner decay. She analyzes the precarious and tottering balance of Japan's foreign trade, the top-heavy industrial structure, the dangerously bloated financial structure, the corrupt political system, and, worst of all, the agrarian structure which imposes on half Japan's population an existence of scraping poverty under submarginal conditions. She digs into problems of malnutrition, disease, sweated labor, denial of civil liberties, the fierce struggle for education, the burden of military service, oppression of women, police brutality, crime, torture, suicides, prostitution—nothing bad about Japan escapes her eye. It is a grim indictment, terribly true in its particulars, and supported by a stern mass of evidence.

The material Dr. Utley has gathered is much of it new and all of it important. But where she deserts facts for interpretation she weakens her case. Repeatedly she asserts as her solution for the problem of Japan that if Great Britain and the United States would agree not to trade with it, they could "destroy Japan at a stroke." Here the author goes off on a wild-goose chase. Given their present policies and economic systems, it is hardly likely that England and America would out of the blue impose what would amount to economic sanctions on Japan when they did not so much as hold up a single shipment during the Manchurian war. Apparently the author believes that the "collapse" of Japan which would be brought about by such sanctions would be followed by the cure-all of revolution. But it seems astonishingly naive of Dr. Utley, particularly in view of her orthodox Marxism, seriously to suggest that capitalist England and America should sacrifice a valuable trade for the sake of a revolution in Japan.

Again she goes astray in arguing that because the Japanese are hungry and repressed they are *ipso facto* "seething" with "social hatreds, revengeful passions." The rigidity with which Dr. Utley applies her economic interpretation prevents her from opening her eyes to the human side of Japan. Thus she has overlooked an inescapable fact about the Japanese which no other foreigner who has lived among them could fail to notice: that they are a happy people, happier than those of any Western nation where the so-called standard of living is higher. Hunger—which we may take as a symbol of all the miseries—Dr. Utley ascribes to Japan—is a relative thing. The Japanese diet of rice, tea, soya-bean soup, and an occasional dab of fish means hunger and malnutrition to Dr. Utley, who is accustomed to bread, meat, and vegetables. But to the Japanese it means simply an everyday fact of everyday existence and no cause for "seething."

It is here that Lady Sansom's book is such a valuable corrective. Through more than twenty years' residence in Japan and the ability to speak Japanese she has come to know the Japanese people as Japanese people and not as bricks with which to build a dialectic. She captures just that quality about

This book IS "molding public opinion" . . .

WHEN THE ULTIMATE POWER was published, a few weeks ago, Ralph Thompson wrote in the *N. Y. Times*: "Of all the recent books dealing with the Constitution and the Supreme Court, none seems to me quite so persuasive and generally intelligible as *The Ultimate Power*. . . . It is the sort of book that can mold public opinion." And judging from the widespread praise and blame which the book has brought forth, it is apparent that Mr. Ernst's brilliant discussion IS influencing the American public. Here are a few representative comments:

JOHN GUNTHER, in a letter to the *N. Y. Times*: "I can't but believe there must be a great number of persons who, like me, are avid for just the sort of information that Mr. Ernst gives."

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JOHN CHAMBERLAIN devotes his whole article on books in the April *Scribner's* to a discussion of *The Ultimate Power*. It is a book which no one who is seriously concerned about American affairs can afford to pass by.

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the Japanese which Dr. Utley misses: their infinite capacity for joy in little things, without which, no doubt, they would have had a revolution long ago. She does not work herself into a rage like Dr. Utley at the sight of a Japanese woman walking decorously three feet behind her husband and carrying his bundles. She knows that for one Baroness Ishimoto there are ten million Japanese women who feel no indignity in their traditional subservience. She knows that the rigid regimentation of Japanese social and intellectual life is not the iron prison Dr. Utley's sturdy Western soul imagines it, but the source of that sense of security which the Japanese derives from fitting his life into customs and traditions tried, polished, and perfected through the centuries. She appreciates the elegance the Japanese infuse into the crannies of their daily life, the unquarrelsomeness of their intercourse among themselves, the stoicism that tradition demands of them in the face of misfortune. "Living in Tokyo" has about it a quality of humanity which is enhanced by the decisive and delicate illustrations of Marjorie Nishiwaki, as true as they are good.

No reader, however exasperated at Japan's swagger and bluff, however angry at Japan's ruthless carving up of China, could fail to relax a little under the spell of Lady Sansom's sympathetic and easy style or to warm a little to the Japanese people. She has given us the best of the Japanese character where Dr. Utley has given us the worst of the Japanese state. Both books are one-sided, and the real Japan lies somewhere in between them. No one should venture to read either without quickly taking the other as a chaser.

BARBARA WERTHEIM

Back Alleys of Language

A DICTIONARY OF SLANG AND UNCONVENTIONAL ENGLISH. By Eric Partridge. The Macmillan Company. \$12.50.

MR. PARTRIDGE'S dictionary occupies a large tract of the dark, brambly, uncivil linguistic territory that lies for the most part beyond the decent bounds of the unabridged. It is difficult terrain for any lexicographer to explore, but Mr. Partridge has been traversing it in this direction and that for many years and has finally incorporated his discoveries in a single volume, constructed on historical principles and comprehending the slang, cant, colloquialisms, catch-phrases, solecisms, catachreses, nicknames, and vulgarisms of every part of the British Empire that owns allegiance to the King's English. But no set of terms or random samplings will describe it adequately; one must read it through to realize the variety of matter, curious, informing, recondite, or merely tedious, that is to be found in its 999 quarto pages.

Comprehensiveness, however, is not its only merit. Besides making full, systematic use of his predecessors, Mr. Partridge has read widely and has observed the living speech for himself and has brought solid scholarship to bear on the interpretation of his collections. Wherever it was feasible to do so, he has dated his terms and has tried to indicate their ecology. Numerous quotations and citations, which might with advantage have been still more numerous, add greatly to the value and liveliness of the book, making it good to read as well as to refer to. Accurate, intelligent, and full, it is the only work on its subject that is any longer worth having, and it will probably remain the indispensable authority for years to come.

Mr. Partridge does not include non-standard Americanisms in his dictionary except as they have become naturalized somewhere within the British Empire. That does not mean, however, that his pages are not plentifully garnished with American slang. The British vogue of American books and talkies has inundated England with Yankee verbal notions. The Australians, who are adepts at concocting slang on their own account, are fairly infested with American slang, and so too are the New Zealanders and, as one would expect, the Canadians. Mr. Partridge evidently is not aware of the extent to which the various colonials have taken over American terms, for he frequently lists them without mentioning their origin in the United States. At least I, for one, find it hard to accept his ascription of "mad-money" to New Zealand soldiers of 1916-18, of "crow-bait" to Englishmen residing in South America, of "stick-up" to Australia, or of "Scandiwegian" and "Scandihoovian" to western Canada; and these are only a few instances. They are honest errors, however, and not the result of prejudice. They indicate plainly how much we need a dictionary of American slang and colloquialisms that can stand beside Mr. Partridge's work.

One of the features of the book is its admirably complete and judicious treatment of vulgarisms. Since he had to include many of them, Mr. Partridge has consistently included them all, even those ancient Indo-Germanic disreputables that must have their middle letters excised and replaced with asterisks. Some of them have never appeared in a published lexicon since the days of Cotgrave and Florio. Mr. Partridge, to use his own words, has dealt with them "as briefly, as astringently, as aseptically as was consistent with clarity and adequacy." Thereby he has done a real service to lexicography.

One cannot read far into the dictionary without wondering where the line should be drawn between genuine slang, which acquires a considerable degree of currency however transient, and those images or metaphors that, strictly speaking, remain the private property of their inventors. A few years ago, to take a random example, a vaudeville performer named Dunk was divorced by his wife, and *Variety* headlined the news with three terse words: "Dunk Gets Dunked." A foreign student of American speech, reading in the English seminar at Uppsala, Prague, or Dorpat, might thereupon enter in his card-index: "Dunk, verb, Am. theat. slang for to divorce." He would, of course, be wrong. Except in that particular context, "dunk" has never been put to that unwonted use; probably it never will be. Yet the older dictionaries of slang are crammed with such vigorous individual creations which have never got into general use, which, if repeated at all, have been used as quotations or allusions. Mr. Partridge, despite his usual keenness, has let some of them slip into his dictionary. Is it really possible that a term so pedantic as "Athanasian wench," alluding to the first words in the Latin text of the Athanasian Creed, *quicumque vult*, was ever much used, even by theological students, to designate "a forward girl, ready to oblige every man that shall ask her?" Surely, this is a lexical ghost. Is "confiscate the macaroon" worth recording as a variant of "take the cake"? Was "arrested by the bailiff of Marshland" for "stricken with ague" ever a genuine colloquialism? It hardly seems possible. One might as well stuff an American dictionary with George Ade's dreary coinages. If Mr. Partridge had scrutinized such impostors more closely, he could have found room for more quotations like the one from Clemenceau on page 634, which make his dictionary so rich and humane. But it seems almost petty to direct attention to a minor shortcoming in this excellent dictionary.

GEORGE GENZMER

Our National Defense Policy

THE TRAGIC FALLACY. By Mauritz A. Hallgren. Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.

THOUGH we hope for more, if Mauritz Hallgren never writes again he will have given us a work which should afford him a lasting place as an author. "The Tragic Fallacy" is much more than an ordinary study of America's war policies. It is a masterpiece in its especial field, and it is fair to guess that it is going to cause considerable uneasiness and stir, even though America's military leaders choose to ignore its very positive challenge, just as military leaders so often do when they encounter that which deflates and discounts their pet preachings. Every reader is bound to give it high rank as an authoritative, well-organized, thoughtful study of policies touching the purse and having to do with the welfare of every citizen of the land.

Scares intended to cause America to fear its national defense inadequate come annually. Those with whom we leave the shaping and executing of our war-preparation policies very seriously suggest, in their own ways, our lack of preparation for possible attack upon us. When it is undertaken to ascertain how many ships, guns, sailors, soldiers, and marines are counted necessary to make us feel secure in our defensive preparation, the answer is never direct or satisfying, but always this: "More, more, more." And now along comes Hallgren with most convincing and direct word that our policy makers are not concerned about the danger of an attack upon us at all, that they quite acknowledge that there is not the slightest danger of an invasion of our land by a foe or group of foes, that the thought of such invasion is "utterly absurd," and that our military policy is not one even intended to guard the country against invasion. More than that, and without reservation, "The Tragic Fallacy" insists that our policy is one of preparation to make possible a swift expedition to war abroad. Never was a finer job of debunking our so-called national-defense policy done than that undertaken and completed by the author of this work. Never have our policy makers in this field been so sharply challenged.

Boldly the author charges that our "military bureaucracy" is preparing for another mass war abroad, and then follows with findings which build a most powerful case. Disclosures of the kind Hallgren brings forth would, in other lands, be followed by resignations of governments. "The Tragic Fallacy" challenges Congress and the people and will keep admirals and generals at long hours of weaving words of explanation, if explanation is to be offered at all. The work translates our national-defense policy as a policy of preparation for a return engagement in Europe.

Hallgren tells well the story of our try at neutrality starting in 1914. "Freedom of the seas" was the challenger of neutrality then. The author sees it moving again, "a mantle of righteousness and justice" covering our selfishness. He notes our imperialistic tendencies at home and abroad and finds us moving warward once again in defense of trade.

In one breath "The Tragic Fallacy" has us mindful that the author is "trimming" and soft pedaling when he pictures our decision to enter the war as "coincidental" with Allied credit needs, but he moves on into the blunt declaration that "America did go to war for the sole purpose of protecting its war trade."

"The Tragic Fallacy" is well done. It is a splendidly recorded warning. And it is as timely as it is challenging.

GERALD P. NYE

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Portrait of Lenin

THE LETTERS OF LENIN. Translated and Edited by Elizabeth Hill and Doris Mudie. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$4.

"IT WOULD be a difficult task to paint the portrait of Nicolai Lenin. His words were as much a part of his external appearance as scales are of fish. The simplicity and straightforwardness of everything he said were an essential part of his nature. The heroic deeds which he achieved are surrounded by no glittering halo. . . ." These words which Maxim Gorki wrote when his great friend and comrade died come back to us as we read the letters Lenin wrote. Truly, there can be no more fitting monument to the great Lenin than that which he himself created in these simple, unstudied self-portraits.

Many of the letters here presented were written to Lenin's relatives, friends, and associates during his long years of exile from Czarist Russia. Some of them deal with those trivial matters that go to make up the life of the party organizer and propagandist to whom the question of raising money to pay the printer's bill seems momentarily almost as important as the most profound theoretical discussion. But the man himself is never trivial. Bitter, yes, and ruthless in his criticism of the leaders and thinkers of the labor movement who disagreed with him, but never small or petty.

Vladimir Uljanow (Lenin) was twenty-five years old when he wrote the first of the letters in this noteworthy collection. The last was written twenty-six years later, in November, 1922, just about two months before he died in January, 1923. In the restless life of the Russian exile there was neither time nor chance for personal contacts, and letter-writing was an important part of his life and activity. But comparatively few of the thousands of letters he must have written are still extant. Many were written with chemical ink that vanishes after it was read. Many were lost and destroyed because those who received them were also restless wanderers on the face of the earth, who traveled light and could not afford the luxury of keeping letters. From those that were preserved, the collection which lies before us, the first collection of Lenin letters to be published in the English language, was carefully chosen.

I know of no man who played a leading part in the Russian Revolution who was as Russian as Lenin. His letters show a sensitive understanding of the soul of the Russian peasant. That and his intelligent grasp of the problems of Russia's industrial proletariat made him the great strategist of the revolution. But this intense Russianism was an element of weakness in his relations with the labor movement outside Russia. Lenin lived abroad for almost two decades, during which the problems of the European revolutionary movement were the subject of countless letters and notes to comrades all over the continent. As one reads these critical, often impatient, and sometimes indignant comments on labor politics in the various countries of Europe, one cannot help seeing how largely his opinions are a reflex of his preoccupation with Russian problems.

It was the Russian in Lenin who refused to recognize that the peasant in England, in Germany, and in France was of a different pattern from the downtrodden slave of Czarist medievalism. It was the Russian in him who disposed of democracy with a wave of the hand, because he had never consciously lived the life of a free man. His letters during the war period are full of vitriolic comments on the "mis-

takes" of the Socialist leaders. The last ten years of European history have proved that he was right when he condemned constitutional monarchy as reaction wearing the mask of democracy and demanded industrial democracy. But they have also shown how wrong it was to underestimate the democratic instincts of the European worker and to believe that Russian "war communism" and the "third period" could be superimposed on the life of Western Europe.

It is regrettable that so little remains of his correspondence with his wife Krupskaya. The letters he wrote to her in the early years of their marriage were all destroyed. They were mostly secret documents, full of conspiratorial instructions. The four that this collection contains give a vivid picture of the deep understanding on which this marriage was founded. Krupskaya was the one being in whom he had absolute trust.

The bulk of the correspondence contained in this volume consists of letters written to his mother. They are always short but of a surprising warmth, full of personal interest and anxiety for her well-being. The letters to his sister Ulianova breathe the same affectionate concern, but deal less with personal than with political questions, in which she too was actively interested. These letters are invaluable, for they show a humaneness and a depth of feeling that might otherwise have been lost to view.

It is unfortunate that such an important work should have been distorted by ulterior considerations. I refer to what was deliberately left out of this valuable collection. The material bears the Soviet stamp—it could hardly be otherwise since the editors were naturally dependent on government sources for most of their material. There is, in consequence, clearly discernible a studied evasion of those things which might react unfavorably on the present regime. The three letters to Stalin are full of political instructions and political opinion, with nothing that would indicate the personal relationship between the leader of the Russian Revolution and his latter-day successor. The one letter to Stalin which might have proved illuminating—it is reported to have been the last letter Lenin ever wrote—is not in the collection. One looks in vain, also, for the letters he wrote to Trotsky against the position taken by Sokolnikov, Sinoviev, and others on the agrarian question, industrial planning, and nationalities.

One appreciates, of course, that the question of Lenin's correspondence with Trotsky is a delicate one. Indeed, knowing that it was possible to write an official history of the Russian Revolution without mentioning the Red Army chief's name, one hardly expected to find the ties that bound these two together reflected here. But it is unfair, not only to Trotsky but to Lenin himself, to find that where Leon Trotsky is mentioned at all, it is in a sharply critical tone. Such comments as "Balalaikin Trotsky," "What a swine this Trotsky is!" "Trotsky's pamphlet ["Our Political Task"] is as rotten as himself," "Trotsky and the company of foreign lackeys of opportunism" belong in any true representation of the relations between these two men. But there is nothing in the book to indicate that Lenin knew a different Trotsky later, that their irreconcilable differences were fused in the fire of the great struggle of the proletariat.

This reviewer is not a Trotskyite. He believes that Trotsky's present policies are wrong and harmful to the interests of the international working class. But he resents, and so will any fair-minded person, an expurgated presentation of Lenin in what should have been an unbiased presentation of the man through his personal writings.

One can hardly blame the editors for this shortcoming. They

worked under insurmountable handicaps, and there is the justified suspicion that they are not too familiar with the story of the international labor movement. Would it have been possible otherwise to assemble so many misspelled names under a single cover—Hilkvit for Hillquit, Legin for Legien, Manilski for Manuilski, Pannekuk for Pannekoek, Scheiderman for Scheidemann, Trul'stra for Troelstra, Samba for Sembat, Longe for Longuet—to mention only a few of those which came to my notice.

LUDWIG LORE

Sunset at Grasmere

THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM AND DOROTHY WORDSWORTH. THE MIDDLE YEARS (1806-1820). Arranged and Edited by Ernest de Selincourt. Oxford University Press. Two Volumes. \$14.

THESE two volumes are a sequel to the "Early Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth (1787-1805)" which Mr. de Selincourt edited in 1935, and they will be followed in another year or so by the letters written after 1820. The work when completed will be a necessary part of any Wordsworth library, as it will be an honorable part of the great series of English "Letters" which the Oxford University Press is in the slow process of publishing. Mr. de Selincourt already has printed nearly three hundred letters which were not to be found in the best collection before his; and he has been able to correct many errors both of date and of address by the editor of that collection, William Knight, as well as to supply full texts in many places where Knight deleted what he considered to be insignificant. Knight was correct enough in supposing much of this correspondence to be dull; Wordsworth was far inferior to his sister as a letter writer; but no one can be sure that anything by a great poet is without interest, and Mr. de Selincourt has wisely restored everything. The result as far as the present volumes are concerned is the fullest available record of the years during which the sun of Wordsworth's genius set over the Vale of Grasmere.

The rim of it was barely visible in 1806. By that time Wordsworth had completed the first and most important draft of his greatest poem, The Prelude; a poem which had proved, though Wordsworth did not know this, that he would never be able to do anything as good again. He had intended it merely as an earnest of the philosophical poem to come—and an introduction to it in the form of an inquiry into the nature both of his own mind and of the material available to him. During the next forty-five years he was to lament his incapacity for the exalted task he had set himself; not quite willing to recognize that The Prelude *was* his poem, and prevented by a certain lack of perspective from realizing that history had fated him to do only so much. The great poets who were his heroes had in some cases, notably Milton's, found it difficult to settle on their subjects; but they had done so, and they had written about those subjects. Wordsworth, ancestor of all modern poets in this respect as in many others, had only himself to write about. Subjects had disappeared along with mythologies and world-views. His recourse was to make poetry out of himself—out of what he thought had been his past, and out of that present mind over which he brooded as if he had been its creator. He did so, and magnificently; but the impulse was exhausted, and after that there was nothing of major importance for him to do.

Also by 1806 his friendship with Coleridge had ceased to

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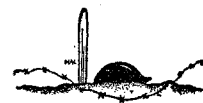
by ALFRED M. BINGHAM

... is an article that blows the lid off the current sentimentality and confusion on the left. It begins: "America is being prepared for another slaughter, and once more it will be 'to make the world safe for democracy.' This time, however, the public mind is being prepared, not by bankers anxious for their foreign loans, but by some of the most idealistic and intelligent leaders of thought in the country: liberals, radicals ... the same men and women who recanted most humbly after the last war are putting their very considerable brains and influence to work to spread the idea over America that we must fight again 'for democracy' and once more against the same enemy—*though he is labelled 'Nazism' instead of 'Prussian militarism' and his moustache is one inch long instead of four ...*" If you read this whole article you may lose your temper BUT—

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be fruitful. Professor Garrod has brilliantly argued that Wordsworth was a good poet only during the decade of this friendship, and indeed because of it. The present volumes show the friendship in a rapid and fatal decline from the day when Dorothy and William, hastening to meet "dearest Coleridge" upon his return from Malta, were shocked by the change in his appearance for the worse, through the difficult days of his separation from his wife and of the complaints he began to make of his treatment by his former friends, to the unfortunate but perhaps inescapable breach of 1811 when Montagu repeated to him what William had said concerning his personal habits. Professor Garrod's theory may not explain everything about Wordsworth's poetry; but there can be no doubt that Coleridge in these years, at least as he was seen from the latitude of the Lake Country, was unattractive. Wordsworth could learn nothing more from him; and he had already, as I have said, explored his own mind to the bottom.

The letters of the "middle years," then, are grown over with aftergrass. This does not mean that they are uninteresting, but it does mean that they are filled with family worries rather than with intellectual adventures. Children and money are incessantly discussed in them. The note of anxiety is always there, along with the sense of a world that is too much with Wordsworth, not to say for him. We learn very little about the poems William is writing. The best pieces of the period are *The Happy Warrior*, *Personal Talk*, *The World Is Too Much with Us*, and the great *Ode*, most of which is in fact earlier; but these receive scanty mention from a man who seems more concerned about the reviews he will get or has already got of "The Excursion" and of the "Poems" in 1807 and 1815. Jeffrey, of course, is constantly under his skin; he deserves to be "kicked" for his review of Southey, and as for his reviews of Wordsworth himself—well, Dorothy puts the case in various letters which call Jeffrey a "fool" and an "ignorant coxcomb."

There is one passage on "The Excursion," however, in which William unwittingly confesses its weakness. Since it lacks "incident," he writes to Thomas Poole, "it cannot be expected to make its way without difficulty, and it is therefore especially incumbent on those who value it to exert themselves in its behalf." A month before he had shown less personal zeal for a poem by his friend R. P. Gillies which had precisely the same defect: "in turning so much upon internal feelings, and those of a peculiar kind, without a sufficiency of incident or imagery to substantiate them." He had spent his own supply of symbols in his masterpiece about himself; and now was calling on his public to overlook the fact. He must almost have known how far desire had outlived performance. Almost, but never quite.

MARK VAN DOREN

Introduction to Music

A BOOK OF THE SYMPHONY. By B. H. Haggin. Oxford University Press. \$5.

MR. HAGGIN has done a unique thing: he has written on an old subject a work conceived on an entirely new pattern, and he has achieved with a minimum of means a maximum of much-needed enlightenment. Unlike all previous attempts to "explain" music, "A Book of the Symphony" actually bridges the gap between the untrained listener and the meaning of music, and this without loss of either accuracy or self-respect. How is it done? Simply by referring every statement concerning music to a particular

part of a particular composition as played on a gramophone record. The place on the record where the music may be heard is measured in inches from the outermost groove by means of a celluloid ruler furnished with every copy of the book. To use the book effectively one need only have curiosity, a little patience, and one of the standard sets of the standard compositions analyzed. To forestall the necessity of purchasing a special group of recordings, Mr. Haggin has worked out his directions so that for each symphony any of three or five or sometimes seven different recordings may be used. His patient collating of the score with so many playings of it would alone deserve thanks from a lay public eager to know the difference between a coda and a chaconne, but when one takes into account the author's unfailing ability to combine the musically significant elements of each piece with vivid and unsentimental indications in words, the conclusion forces itself on the mind that the present work marks an epoch in the use of grooved discs and letterpress for the cultural education of the country.

The words cultural education need not make the aesthetes shudder. It is a remarkable and praiseworthy fact that among all circles and at all levels of understanding there has been in this country for the past quarter-century a continuous, though often shamefaced, effort to become truly acquainted with the masterpieces of the several arts, particularly music. The large literature designed to introduce the untrained painlessly into the realm where sound makes sense apart from words is a witness to the persistence of the interest, but hitherto all such books have fallen into one of two lamentable errors. They have either provided word parallels for musical compositions and let it go at that or they have assumed the very thing they sought to remedy, namely, a knowledge of musical notation and musical form. Mr. Haggin makes a radical departure and, indeed, states a central point in criticism when he says: "A statement about music will mean nothing to the person who reads it unless he has heard the music or can hear it when he reads the statement."

But it would be a mistake to suppose that the author and his book support the notion that because music is not translatable into words therefore it means nothing, expresses only "pure form," and is a kind of diaphanous incense perceptible only to those who have a Mus.D. or can play an instrument. On the contrary, a good many so-called musicians would do well to read Mr. Haggin and to follow his examples with record and ruler, book in hand. They would discover that what they thought was a "formal" arrangement of things was also a thing-in-itself, with a meaning as precise—no more and no less—as a speech in a tragedy, and that its development, radically different in method from that of speech, is none the less the addition, amplification, or qualification of meaning, where meaning is not to be taken as information or story-telling but as a reference to life which makes sense when compared with it.

With these premises it follows that the point of Mr. Haggin's book is not merely to make would-be music lovers glib and correct in the use of the technical lingo relevant to the symphony; nor is it to enable them to spot themes in augmentation or the trio in a minuet. It is rather to teach them the meaning of music through an analysis of certain great symphonies. From a phrase which, in Haggin's words, "causes the person who has not studied music no difficulty" the listener can learn to recognize its development by modification and recurrence until the sense of the whole business—his sense of it, that is, within the framework of sound presented—is discoverable without further use of words. The process is very much like Poe's solution of the cipher in

"The Gold Bug," and it is idle to imagine that there is any other means of introduction to the arts than by just such self-teaching under the guidance of an analyst who neither solves the riddle himself nor seeks to impress you with its mystical impenetrability.

The symphonies so analyzed by Mr. Haggin include not only the best of Haydn's, Mozart's, and Schubert's, and all of Beethoven's, but also the favorites of the American public by Brahms, Tchaikovsky, and Franck. To the analyses the author has added a short section on the orchestra and its conductor and an excellent chapter on eight of the classical forms. The lay reader as well as the critic will await his discussion and illustration of modern forms and works with pleasurable anticipation.

JACQUES BARZUN

History by a Lover

THE MIRACLE OF ENGLAND: AN ACCOUNT OF HER RISE TO PREEMINENCE AND HER PRESENT POSITION. By André Maurois. Translated by Hamish Miles. Harper and Brothers. \$3.75.

THE miracle of England, for M. Maurois, is twofold. A small barbaric island, on the misty rim of the known world, becomes a great empire whose conquests cover one-fourth of the globe. In the process it invents new institutions which give rise to a new conception of freedom, and originates the only new form of human society since Greece. These institutions, this conception are the source of similar developments in America and France. England originated democracy and established the Pax Britannica, the only parallel to the Pax Romana.

In 500 pages M. Maurois "answers" the miracle, as he says, and in fact shows that it is not a miracle but a traceable development of geographic, economic, and social forces. He traces and explains the internal history of England, the growth of its political and civil institutions, its internal and external policies as they grew out of this complex of forces, the clashes and harmonies of group interests, and the actions of dominant historic personalities. There is no attempt to tell the history of Scotland, Ireland, or the British Empire except as they are related to this island epic.

Lucidity and lack of sensationalism are the outstanding virtues of this presentation, especially, roughly speaking, in the first two-thirds of the book. The origins of organized English life up to the Norman Conquest, the French kings, the developing struggles between king and nobles with their repercussions on the lower orders, the conflict between king and pope, the beginnings of towns, corporations, universities, and mendicant orders, the rationale of legal and administrative reform, the origin and growth of Parliament, the first capitalists, the first dissenters, the Hundred Years' War, the Black Death, the Peasants' Revolt, and the War of the Roses bring us to the peak and decline of feudalism and the end of the Middle Ages. Under the Tudors we see the triumph of the monarchy and the importance of the sea power which, with the liberal subsidizing of allies on the Continent, is to be England's great instrument of power and conquest. The struggle between Stuarts and Parliament, Cromwell as man and revolutionist, Puritans and Cavaliers, Parliament and the army, the dilemma that ended in the Restoration, and the significance of the struggles in political terms fill another division. M. Maurois is a skilful popularizer as far as readability and clarity go. When we come to the two last divisions, which cover from the eighteenth century to the present day,

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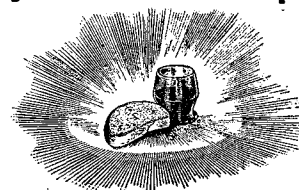
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the defects of his approach and method are more apparent.

The fundamental defect from which flow all others is that M. Maurois loves England, an abstraction. He writes out of a deep admiration and a personal knowledge of the country and its people. This adds to the warmth and charm of his narrative, and doubtless the fact that he is not an Englishman adds a freshness and piquancy to his observations. But in this book he writes like a lover, though like a lover who is determined to be impartial and record the faults as well as the virtues of the beloved. But can a lover do this? He obviously tries to leave out nothing essential, to show two or more sides of every controversy, and it is true that he mentions almost everything. He mentions everything, but some things he develops at greater or less length; others he merely mentions. A difference in emphasis often changes the main values of a picture. To give one of many instances: in his treatment of the South African War his emphasis is all on the "moderation" and "generosity" of the peace terms. To one who remembers, as I do, the furious opposition to this war in England and its effect on the younger generation of the time, this is little short of astonishing. True, there are a few vague sentences indicating that the war was unwise, that it aroused antagonisms and revealed weaknesses, but the final effect is a pervasive beamishness as to the true-to-type nobility of England's way.

In the last two centuries events and facts come thick and complex, selection becomes difficult, and M. Maurois thinks more and more officially. The Industrial Revolution and its results throughout the nineteenth century are astonishingly scamped and minimized, as is also the terroristic repression resulting from the French Revolution. There is just one paragraph on trade unions, a sentence or two on the woman movement, not a word about education from the Renaissance universities to the Forster Act in 1873. The Labor Party is barely mentioned and does not appear in the index.

The World War is represented as an almost spontaneous uprising in England; the profound world changes resulting are sketched with a somewhat roseate pencil. What will the future be? Air forces may soon be more important than navies. Can the English compromise between discipline and liberty prevail against the spread of totalitarianism? England suggested sanctions against Italy. Unfortunately they failed. England's part in the failure is not gone into, and the story stops before the war in Spain.

Crammed with information and pleasantly written until the massing of modern facts induces a catalogue-like style, this history lacks a critical spirit at least in the more recent parts. Perhaps lack of space is a contributing factor. All in all, it is a success story, an adolescent's History of England. Historians should not be lovers.

CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN

Bread and the Artist

BREAD AND A SWORD. By Evelyn Scott. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.75.

IN A longish and sometimes clumsily written preface Mrs. Scott offers the prolegomena for her problem of the artist today and how he shall make a living. Mrs. Scott of course knows that the problem is not peculiar to our own time: Mozart and Rembrandt are conspicuous examples of it in the past. But today, she avers, the machine has accelerated our tempo of living and flattened out our values; if an artist is not a commercial success, he is thrown to the dogs, or more

specifically to the bread lines. If he has been so rash as to acquire a family, they, too, are not spared. When patronage is occasionally offered, it is either in the form of a grudging charity or it is capricious, vulgar, and irrelevant to the quality of the art that is being practiced. And the alternative, to get a job that will provide a living, is destructive to the art.

To illustrate this thesis, Mrs. Scott offers a novelist—husband of a woman who once thought of herself as a painter and poet, and father of two boys. He has written a couple of novels that have sold something like 15,000 copies each; but his royalty checks are diminishing steadily; he has taken the family to France, where living is cheaper and life is supposed to be simpler; he owes several thousand dollars; he is at work on another novel. And it doesn't work. Even in France bread costs money; poverty is too much for the wife's temper; the petty chores of primitive housekeeping interrupt the necessary typewriter; and the bourgeois French shopkeepers are suspicious and contemptuous of a man who writes and cannot make a decent living by it. When they go back home, there is a stupid father-in-law beginning to suffer from the depression, with whom the family tries to live while the novelist, thoroughly cowed, is looking for a white-collar job. But there are no such jobs. The alternative, to take a farm laborer's job while the wife works in the farm kitchen, doesn't work either. Publishers refuse advances on problematical novels. And patronage, when it comes, is offered by a wealthy woman who discovers that her assistant gardener is really a literary lion in a small way, and who gets an erotic kick out of that fact.

It is a bitter story. Nobody describes family bickering brought on by poverty more relentlessly than Mrs. Scott does. Nobody delineates stupidity and vulgarity more devastatingly. Her hero is damned by a world that will not tolerate artists unless it is forced to—a situation which contains enough hard truth to give any artist pause. But she fails to make her case sufficiently convincing, first by lightening the gloom and providing the contrast which the reader must have in order to be able to endure her story at all. There is not a person in her book who is unquestionably sympathetic, or simply intelligent, or fundamentally good. Conceive of the torments of a Lear unrelieved by an Edgar; conceive of a Hamlet without a friend like Horatio. If this is really a world in which the only law is that of tooth and claw, in which every man looks only to his own advantage, in which bread is the only reality, then it is a world damned by its own shortcomings and not worth writing about. But Mrs. Scott's second failure is more serious even than this: she does not convince the reader that her artist is worth saving. If Mozart was plagued by debt and illness, he kept on writing incomparable music just the same; and Rembrandt, at the end of a long life of bitter struggle, left a series of paintings by which an intolerant world was obliged to remember him.

All this is simply to say that Mrs. Scott is a novelist of power and much more than average intelligence, and that she has chosen a subject which is in itself powerful and worth attention. But having set herself a difficult and worth-while task, she would have solved it better by attacking it perhaps less directly. An oblique approach, which would have given her novelist a break or two—not necessarily by a happy ending—would have been more illuminating and more persuasive. It is permissible to harass and torment a reader, but he must be offered occasional balm, he must have time off to contemplate his scars. Otherwise the struggle has no meaning, and the end does not seem worth all the trouble.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

In Times of Realism

THREE COMRADES. By Erich Maria Remarque. Translated by A. W. Wheen. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.75.

UNDERSTANDABLY enough, Erich Maria Remarque prefers to keep a distance of ten years between the theme of his books and the current of contemporary life. In 1928, ten years after the first World War, "All Quiet on the Western Front" succeeded, with all the force of its underscored irony and over-explicit symbolism, in capturing the mood of German defeat. It was cast as a *Bildungsroman*, a study in the formation of character, autobiographical in method and episodic in structure; but it broke this traditional mold of the German novel by conducting the education of its characters under circumstances of concentrated violence, and by terminating their apprenticeship with abrupt destruction. To gain his point, Remarque presented the immediate experience and concrete fact of the front-line trenches against a conceptual background supplied by schoolmaster and drill-sergeant, and thereby improvised a series of fresh variations upon the old theme of *Alles nicht was im Buche steht*.

Now, almost a decade later, Remarque is writing about 1928 and the Germany whose restless and distrustful atmosphere his book did so much to formulate. His schoolboy heroes, to the extent that they have survived at all, have struggled into their thirties living from hand to mouth, from moment to moment. The present instalment treats of the boy allies in the used-car business. Again the narrator is one of the great demobilized, a mechanic, who ekes out his existence by running a taxi and improves his leisure by playing the piano in a bawdy house. His thirtieth birthday finds him and his two comrades in arms busy salvaging automobiles, and introduces him to the girl who will be with them for the rest of a short life and a long book. The components of their story are fast driving and hard drinking, boarding-house pathos and tabloid adventure. "The thing has poetry and punch, eh?" exclaims one of them. "In times of realism be romantic, that's the trick."

In the interval between "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Three Comrades" Remarque, the contemporary of his characters, went to Switzerland for his health and found it wise to remain there for political reasons. Exile above the clouds does not seem to have clarified his perspective. He will not forge myths for the new Germany, but he is ill equipped to continue his exposures of the old. "All Quiet on the Western Front" derived its importance from the fact that its issues and outcome were known, and could lend their meaning to Remarque's kind of rank-and-file impressionism. "Three Comrades" is something less than historical fiction; National Socialism makes only a single, shadowy appearance, although that results in the characteristically pointless death of one of the three comrades. The incidents appear forced and unconvincing because they are not strung together with anything more relevant than a few vague axioms—war is hell, religion is a mockery, or, for a speculative flight: "Not to laugh at the twentieth century is to shoot yourself. But you can't laugh for long. It's too much a matter for tears."

Recently, in the figure of Charley Anderson, John Dos Passos created a more significant protagonist than Remarque's alcohol-obsessed, financially harassed, mechanically minded war veterans. The concluding pages of "Three Comrades" merely serve to remind the reader that it was Thomas Mann who turned the tuberculosis sanitarium into a symbol for post-war Europe. As a prophet, Erich Maria Remarque has

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lost his ardor because his millennium has already come and gone and because whatever happens afterward is to him uniformly trivial. He definitely resents having his chaos disturbed. Therefore, even after another ten years, it would be unwarranted to expect from him an incisive depiction of the country he no longer knows. In the meanwhile, "Three Comrades" has successfully appeared in a woman's magazine, and nobody is going to burn it.

HARRY LEVIN

Revolution's "Time Past"

PEACE IS WHERE THE TEMPESTS BLOW. By Valentine Kataev. Translated from the Russian by Charles Malamuth. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

THE scene of this novel is Odessa and the time 1905—that in itself is, in a way, a definition of it. For Odessa, a Ukrainian city on the Black Sea, belongs among the hallowed place-names of the revolution's Remembrance of Things Past. It was there that the events of 1905 were foreshadowed in the mutiny on the armored cruiser *Potemkin*; and in the memory of bolshevism and Soviet literature alike, that prelude of insurrection has transmuted the city where it occurred into an image of beginnings, of spring thunder, and of that mood of solemn and intimate sadness that suggests the eve of a long-awaited holiday.

With this emotional tone suffusing his narrative, Kataev combines the themes of childhood and revolution in a fertile and meaningful exchange. In his plastic prose, lively with colors, sights, and sounds, the accepted Soviet symbols function efficiently and not without that effervescent humor inherent in objects and ideas so long cherished that they have begun to fit snugly. Thus the two boys whose adventures make up most of the episodes are each representative of a social class, and the friendship between them signifies the alliance of workers and intellectuals. Moreover, since the doctrine teaches that the workers lead in this union, it is Gavrik, the proletarian street urchin, who knows what to do, and Petya, the son of a schoolmaster, who helps him do it. Gavrik is so brave and resourceful that he emerges as a youthful Odysseus of the class struggle. And what a multitude of historical associations is evoked by the fact that it is precisely a sailor who is placed at the head of the fight, and whose marvelous escapes and feats of underground activity are aided by the two boys, forever distracted from their play by the greater excitement of overthrowing an oppressive regime! Terence, Gavrik's brother, is cool and determined, as befits a metal worker; Petya's father and aunt, however, are well-meaning but easily frightened. As revolutionists Terence and the sailor are typical Soviet literary figures, in that they are seldom worried by problems of consciousness. They are pure personifications of practice.

The story tells all the characteristic experiences of childhood, rendered pictorially and with comic elation, yet cunningly woven into a political texture. In a Western novel such a pattern would appear awkward, the politics imposed; with the Soviet writer, on the other hand, politics not only affects his beliefs but has entered into his very sensibility. The details of political struggle live not in historical works alone but in the creative imagination, crystallizing into a tradition nourishing to art. Hence even the horrors of Czarism are described by Kataev with that happy shudder peculiar to disasters recalled in the security of triumph. The Czarist detective is no longer the vicious character common to Western revolutionary fiction but as appealing in his villainy as

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any bandit or pirate in a boys' adventure story. Thus what would seem strained and crude in our fiction strikes us as charming naivete as told by Kataev, for he has been able to weld an old and a new theme into a romantic work of inimitable mirth and tenderness. True, it is lacking in depth and somewhat smug in its underlying certainty that the problems of humanity have at last all been solved, but these seem to be the general limitations of much Soviet writing.

In the past Kataev has been known to indulge his flair for the grotesque and the satiric. "The Embezzlers" was written in that vein. In this work, however, the lyrical strain in him has evidently had full sway.

PHILIP RAHV

Four Winds

JORDANTOWN. By Josephine Johnson. Simon and Schuster. \$2.

MISS JOHNSON'S intentions are inadvertently revealed in the first pages of "Jordantown." Peter Stefan, a baker, middle-aged, rosy-cheeked, and philosophic, engages some dough in casual contemplation. "Poor, pale, white things!" he says as he shuts the raw loaves in his oven, "I give you some color quick." The bread is subsequently baked and sold, and the stale remaining loaves are idealistically distributed to the Jordantown unemployed in exchange for various services. Those same unemployed are the central characters of Jordantown, and it might be noted that on Labor Day, as they march toward their newly built Workers' Center, they are rewarded with fresh rolls. No further mention is made of "color," but by that time the reader is sufficiently aware of the pigmentation of Miss Johnson's rhetoric to interpret Peter's speech as having more reference to the author's creative methods than to the baker's oven.

Miss Johnson's novel is rich in color; her poor pale characters are not characters at all but metaphors with an economic locus. As for the action, that is divided into four great winds. There is the "west wind of hate," "the arctic wind of necessity driving each new life before it," "the foul east wind of desire for power," and in the concluding paragraph "the south wind of love." Then there is the young hero, Allen Craig, a disenfranchised member of the landed gentry, who appears first as a grocer's clerk and then as the innovator of the town's class-conscious newspaper, "flourishing his pen like a sword." And Allen's friend, David ("a grand boy but born with a fever"), who with Allen organizes the unemployed in building a Workers' Center. Finally there is the workers' triumphal Labor Day parade, nipped in the bud by armed sheriffs. Allen's head is bashed in; David's injuries are fatal. On the next morning the disillusioned workers find their Center burned to the ground, and "Jordantown" comes to an end on a note of defeat. It is true that Allen faces the future with plans for another Center, but Miss Johnson has in no way proved the future to hold less fire and more success for the workers than the past. The casual reader might readily conclude from her account that the proletarian cause is doomed to infinite repetitious failure. Considering the author's fervid approach throughout, that is a curious slip to make in conclusion.

The explanation lies not in Miss Johnson's attitude toward oppression but in her attitude toward words. In attempting to give her characters color Miss Johnson has exploited them verbally. They carry artificiality rather than conviction, are wrapped in a kind of poetry which springs neither from character nor situation but is imposed upon both as a pro-

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tective coloration against banality. Yet banality is the integument of "Jordanstown," and in making a *bête noire* of it rather than of the system she intended to expose, Miss Johnson defeats her own ends.

CHRISTOPHER LAZARE

"Henceforth from the Mind"

THE SLEEPING FURY. By Louise Bogan. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

THIS is Louise Bogan's first book of lyrics since the publication in 1929 of "Dark Summer," and it is unmistakably the poet's most mature and distinguished volume. Miss Bogan's admirable precision of language and expert craftsmanship remain unchanged, but the conflict between emotional intensity and an intellectual analysis almost equally violent—so characteristic of all her work—is in these poems resolved.

Betrayal has long been Miss Bogan's theme. At first it was the betrayal inevitable in love. Now this poet sees betrayal as common to all, as a betrayal by life itself. It is life itself which so changes body and spirit that they become their opposites. This is the ultimate, bitter truth. And whatever of personal bitterness there was in Miss Bogan's earlier lyrics becomes in these later poems either a deep impersonal hatred of human fate or an austere acceptance of that fate. In the long title poem, built upon a magnificent image, the Fury who has tortured the poet is faced at last and seen:

Beautiful now as a child whose hair, wet with rage and tears,
Clings to its face. And now I may look upon you,
Having once met your eyes. You lie asleep and forget me.
Alone and strong in my peace, I look upon you in yours.

Or, again, we find the main theme of this book in such a stanza as this:

Henceforth from the mind,
For your whole joy, must spring
Such joy as you may find
In any earthly thing,
And ever time and place
Will take your thought for grace.

Distinguished is the word one always thinks of in connection with Louise Bogan's poetry. Whatever form she tries, her art is sure, economical, and self-definitive. There is never in her poems a wasted adjective or phrase but always perfect clarity and a consistent mood precisely set down. She can write the completely artless lyric or the very subtle poem worked out through complex imagery. Sensuousness is here but it is always reined in by the strict mind. Poems like "Italian Morning" express perfectly the atmosphere of the old carved rooms and the sense of timelessness in contrast with personal time and loss. The sheer passion to create in words is behind much of this poetry and is the theme of one of the loveliest lyrics in the book "Roman Fountain." This passion, the poet believes, persists despite defeat in life. Another poem in Swiftian mood denounces Swift as a rare hypocrite in his letters to Stella. Miss Bogan is a good hater, but never allows hatred to become mere emotionalism:

With so much hatred still so close behind
The sterile shores before us must be faced
Again, against the body and the mind,
The hate that bruises, though the heart is braced.

And so, in the end, one is impressed by a kind of wisdom in these poems, the wisdom of profound intuition and of a rapier analysis turned inward rather than outward.

EDA LOU WALTON

FILMS

Boy of India

ROBERT FLAHERTY is generally and properly recognized as the best of those directors who go for material to faraway places and come back with this material in a pure state, or almost a pure state. It is the place that interests them, along with the human life lived there; and it is their assumption that we have similar tastes—that we shall not require, for instance, fiction on top of geography and ethnology. We shall not expect the Eskimo or the Bushman to behave as if he were on the banks of the Wabash, far away from himself but near enough home to take part in a plot surprisingly like those of Hollywood. The strangeness, the difference is what we want; and we know that the camera is the only thing which can give it to us. Mr. Flaherty's best films have been superior travelogues; superior because they stopped at a really interesting place and stayed there long enough for us to learn something about the life which we should never have known otherwise. Some manipulation, of course, has been resorted to; the family in "Man of Aran" was coached, even if the waves at the shore were not; and Nanook of the North never even pretended to be ignorant of Mr. Flaherty's camera as it turned before him. But so much manipulation was necessary if the films were to have unity; and only so much took place.

For the material of his new film, "Elephant Boy" (United Artists: Rialto) Mr. Flaherty has gone to India. And for good measure he has thrown in a story by Kipling; or rather he has used "Toomai of the Elephants" as a center around which to organize his data. The resulting mixture is both agreeable and disagreeable. Since the story employs the Cinderella theme it has a certain power in spite of everything, and we can well understand the tears of Toomai at the close when his unexpected recognition as a hunter by the grizzled elders of his race proves too much for him. For it is he, the despised youngster, who has seen the elephants dance, and there is nothing for the elders to do now except elect him as their leader. This, as I have said, is in spite of everything a good story. But Mr. Flaherty has not told it well, being without experience in fiction. His principals stand interminably while they say things that are perfectly obvious to us. Two men, for instance, come upon Toomai one night when he is sleeping by the corral. They look deliberately at him and at each other, and then one of them says: "He is asleep." Of course. And there is much more of the same thing; just as at the end there is the suspicion in our minds that the Indian elders would not have put on this rather British show for Toomai if they had not been directed to do it, and if they had been Indian in fact. They are Englishmen behind beads, as the program rather superfluously states; just as the elephants are from the herd of the Maharajah of Mysore, who lent them for the film.

Yet "Elephant Boy" is worth seeing for what remains in it of India and Robert Flaherty. One cannot after all doubt that this is India, whether the scene be a jungle or the streets of a city bestridden by towering stone gods. And Sabu, the twelve-year-old boy who plays Toomai, is not only Indian but immensely attractive and convincing in himself. He and his one great elephant are worth seeing if any two things are on the current screen.

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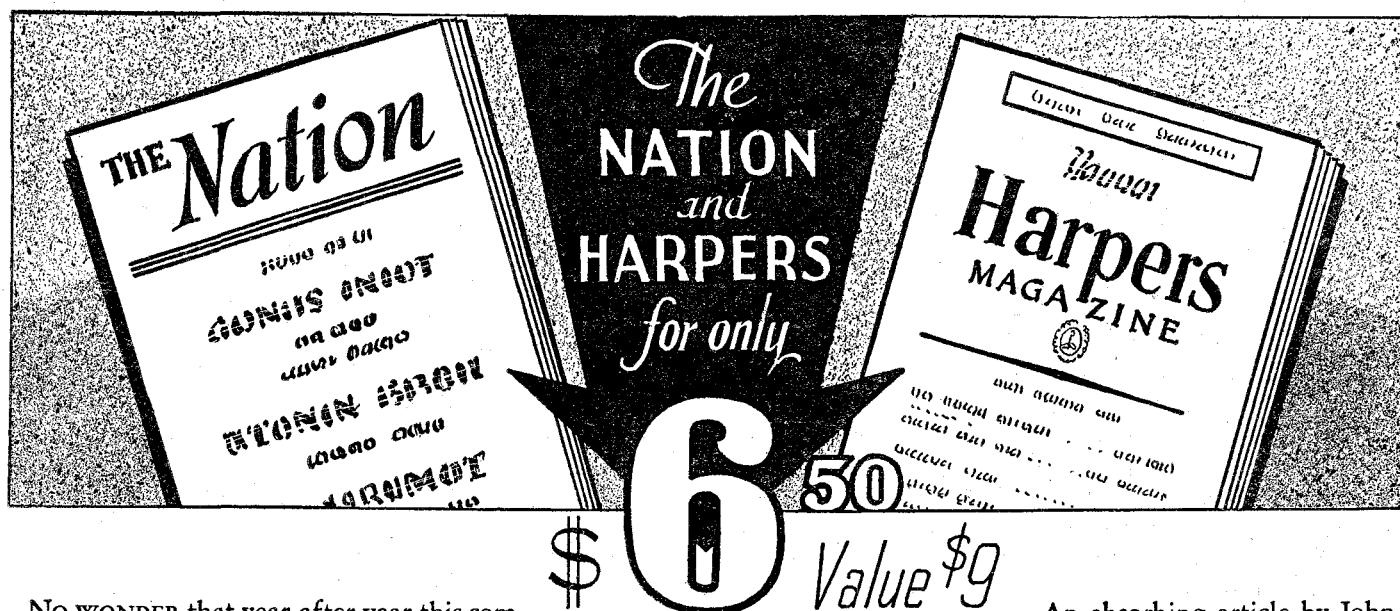
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Letters to the Editors

A Farmer Speaks

Dear Sirs: I am a Virginia farmer and I have just read the article in your issue of March 27 in which Paul W. Ward tells us what we have long suspected. The public-minded work for years to get a law through for the common folks. Then the reactionaries are put in control and they proceed to wreck its administration. The Rural Electrification Administration is another illustration of a now common experience. There's only one solution. Give them the white light of publicity and force public opinion to drive them out of office. Men who accept the private-utility view have no right to hold office and by their daily deeds kill cooperative laws, as in this instance.

As usual *The Nation* is always first to get these valuable facts to the people. Mr. Ward has certainly performed an invaluable public service for the farmers of America. This one article is worth a year's subscription. Unfortunately I can't afford it, but I know I speak the mind of thousands and thousands of farmers everywhere when I express my great appreciation for Mr. Ward's public service.
ZAN BARTEL
Perth Amboy, N. J., April 1

Hope for Kitty Smith

Dear Sirs: Score One for academic freedom for teachers. As a reader of *The Nation* I have become liberal in my views, and it makes my blood tingle when I read that teachers have been dismissed for merely trying to live and act like other citizens of the community in which they are teaching. During the past five or six years this community has been undergoing a gradual change, with the result that teachers have come to be regarded as real citizens. In the spring election E. Burr Sherwood, young junior-high instructor, ran for a seat on the city commission. He had a definite platform which stressed most of all the need for a municipal light plant. He not only won a seat on the commission but received the largest number of votes in a field of six candidates—some of them veterans in city politics.

This election and Mr. Sherwood's victory are significant for two reasons. Mr. Sherwood was not called "on the car-

pet" by his administrators or the school board; the election showed how a community normally very conservative has turned about and is taking a liberal attitude on municipal ownership.

I thought you might be interested in hearing about developments that in one town at least make life more livable.

LOUIS SWANSON

Stambaugh, Mich., April 7

Racial Lines on Shipboard

Dear Sirs: A recent cruise trip to the West Indies aboard the Kungsholm prompts me to relate my experience for the benefit of those of your readers who may object to the anti-Semitic policies of the Swedish American Line.

It is the usual practice of transatlantic liners to allow passengers to choose their own table companions for the duration of a trip. To my astonishment, however, I was given a table number prior to embarkation at the pier of the Swedish American Line. I was soon to discover the reason for such efficiency. My table companions, I found, were exclusively Jewish. A careful study of the dining-room seating plan revealed that similar groupings had been arranged for other Jews on the trip.

The Kungsholm, on its cruises, holds a cocktail hour every evening to which passengers are invited as guests of the liner. In due time I received an invitation. Here again, the cruise hostess carried out the unmistakable policy of the line. As soon as I had introduced myself I was segregated at the table in the lounge which had been set aside for the other representatives of my race.

Upon my return to New York a conference with an official of the Swedish American Line brought scant satisfaction. The man attempted to confuse issues by asking me why I objected to sitting with my own people! I was further informed that the Swedish American Line has a right to establish its policies, to which I replied that passengers as well should have the right to know definitely the policies of a line on which they travel.

I should like to urge a flood of letters to the Swedish American Line protesting against its policy of racial discrimination.

MARTHA K. FEINGOLD

New York, April 8

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What Is the National Lawyers' Guild?

Dear Sirs: The issue presented to the American lawyer by the recent organization of the National Lawyers' Guild is a simple one. One hundred and forty thousand lawyers do not now belong to any national bar group. We call upon these lawyers to assume that position of leadership in public life that was once theirs. This is not a struggle between the American Bar Association and the National Lawyers' Guild. It is a clash of principles. The National Lawyers' Guild stands for the child-labor amendment. It stands for the social-security laws, for minimum-wage laws, and for every law to promote human welfare. The opposing group stands against such laws.

The accumulation of distrust and prejudice against the lawyer and the courts has come from the fact that the only articulate group in America has always spoken against the interest of the ordinary citizen. More than 80 per cent of the lawyers are never heard from on issues of public interest. If the lawyer is to retain his place of leadership and power in the community, he must speak as the champion and friend of the less favored but larger groups. That is what the National Lawyers' Guild now undertakes to do on behalf of all who believe in the future of our profession.

JOHN P. DEVANEY,

President, National Lawyers' Guild
Minneapolis, March 15

CONTRIBUTORS

FRANK C. HANIGHEN is a close student of the economic forces which motivate wars. With H. C. Engelbrecht he was coauthor of "Merchants of Death."

IGNAZIO SILONE is the author of "Fontamara" and "Bread and Wine," two novels, revolutionary in theme, of peasant life in Mussolini's Italy.

HENRY LEWIS is the pseudonym of a journalist who has made a special study of the Food and Drug Administration and its problems.

JAMES S. ALLEN recently spent three months in the Philippines collecting the material for his *Nation* articles and a forthcoming book.

ROSE M. STEIN has covered labor news in the Pittsburgh area for *The Nation* and the Federated Press.

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GERALD P. NYE is United States Senator from North Dakota. He was head of the Senate committee investigating the sale of munitions and was instrumental in drawing up our present neutrality legislation.

JACQUES BARZUN, instructor in history at Columbia University, will shortly publish a new book, "Race: The Modern Myth."

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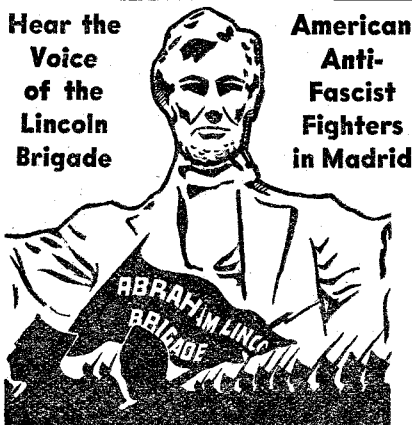
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